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IN OLDE MASSACHUSETTS



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SKETCHES OF OLD TIMES AND PLACES
DURING THE EARLY DAYS OF THE
COMMONWEALTH

BY
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FOREWORD

TO the sons and daughters of Massachusetts, who love her history and traditions, this little book is dedicated.

Many things given therein were dug from mines never before explored by the literary craftsman, and have the value of original discoveries. They were first printed in various journals between the years 1880-1890, which fact should be borne in mind by the reader who discovers that certain conditions portrayed in the descriptive articles no longer exist.

C. B. T.

MAY, 1907.

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IN OLDE MASSACHUSETTS

CHAPTER I

CAMBRIDGE IN MIDSUMMER, 1883

CAMBRIDGE in midsummer is vastly different from the Cambridge of the college year. Except for a few members of the summer classes, undergraduate life is still; professors and tutors are off to mountain or seashore; only the bursar and janitors remain, while under the classic elms, instead of grave, spectacled scholars one meets painters, glaziers, upholsterers, and other members of the renovating corps. Most of the wealthy and cultivated families who make the place their winter home have also gone, and one discovers how dull, so far as mere physical animation is concerned, a university town may be without the university life. To the dreamy or reflective visitor, however, the place presents now its most interesting aspect. He can loiter about the college quadrangles and assimilate whatever about them is venerable in history, grand in effort, or noble through association, without being stumbled over by hurrying undergraduates or eyed askance by officious proctors. Then, too, the historic houses in the town are more accessible, and

the aged citizens who remain, more chatty and gossipy than in the busier season.

Could anything be more worthy or venerable, for instance, than Massachusetts Hall — a mouldy, mossy brick pile on the west of the quadrangle, built in 1718 at the expense of the Government, and christened with the name of the colony? All the glory of the State seems to invest it. Or the Old Wadsworth House, on Harvard Street, built in 1726, the home of the early presidents of the college, the headquarters of Washington and Lee, the gathering place of all the patriot leaders of the Revolution — one feels that the authorities cannot be aware of its history, to have put it to the uses which it bears — a dormitory for students and an office for bursar and janitor. Harvard Hall is another of the time-honored structures in the quadrangle. It was built by order of the General Court in 1765, and from its roof, in 1775, 1,000 pounds of lead were taken and made into bullets for the needy Continentals. Washington was received there in 1789. In the first Stoughton Hall, also within the quadrangle, the Provisional Congress held its sessions, and mapped out the plan of the opening campaign.

The present Stoughton Hall, erected in 1805, is notable for the many eminent men who have been sheltered within its walls; Edward Everett, Josiah Quincy, the Peabody brothers, Caleb Cushing, Horatio Greenough, Sumner, Hilliard, Hoar, Hale, and Holmes

being among them. Hollis Hall, next south of Stoughton, was also noteworthy in this respect; Prescott, Emerson, Wendell Phillips, Charles Francis Adams, and Thoreau having been among its occupants.

But Harvard is not all of Cambridge; there is as much without as within the campus to interest the tourist. One scarcely realizes the historical importance of the place until he stands beneath the Washington elm beside the ancient Common. This Common is noteworthy because here the first American army was marshaled, the American flag was first unfurled, and the raw Continental levies were organized and drilled for the attack on Bunker Hill. The elm is famous because under it Washington took command of the army, and because from a little stand built high up in its branches he could watch the movements of his antagonists in any direction. The old tree has been surrounded by an iron railing, in front of which is a granite tablet bearing this inscription, written by Longfellow:

“Under this tree Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775.”

The old relic has long been engaged in a pathetic struggle with age and decay. Nearly all of its original limbs have decayed from the top down, leaving only their stumps attached to the parent trunk, and most of what is green about it has sprung from these stumps, or from the vigorous old trunk.

Under this elm the thinker is prone to yield to Cambridge priority among American historic places. Lexington and Concord were mere *émeutes*. This was the point of decision, the matrix of nationality, the birth-place of concerted, organized resistance, while Putnam, spurring here on the news of Lexington, taking command of the excited, unprovided farmers, sending hourly expresses to Trumbull at Lebanon for arms, powder, provisions, and finally leading the organized battalions up to Bunker Hill, is the true historic figure-piece of the Revolution.

No town boasts such a wealth of ancient and noteworthy houses as Cambridge. A few minutes' walk from the old oak, on Brattle Street, is a fine old-time mansion, seated on a terrace a little back from the street, which possesses a character, a dignity, that would render it a marked house even to one unacquainted with its history. This is the old Washington Headquarters, better known during the last forty years as the home of Longfellow. Its history dates back to 1739, when it was built by one Col. John Vassal. In the troubles of 1775, Vassal espoused the British cause, and was obliged to flee into the English lines, whereupon Col. John Glover, with his Marblehead regiment, took possession. In July, 1775, Washington fixed his headquarters here, and remained until the following February. Madam Washington and her maids arrived in December, and held many levees and

dinner parties here, it is said, through the winter. After the war several gentlemen owned it for short periods.

During Dr. Craigie's occupancy Talleyrand and the Duke of Kent were entertained there. Jared Sparks resided there in 1833. Edward Everett was also a resident at one time. In 1837 Longfellow, on his return from Europe to assume the professor's chair in Harvard, took possession of the mansion, and in 1843 purchased it. Of its subsequent history it is not necessary to speak.

The park about the house comprises some eight acres. Passing up the broad graveled walk, we sounded the old-fashioned knocker on the door, and presently a pleasant-faced matron — the housekeeper — answered the summons. To our inquiry if visitors were now admitted to the library, she replied that they were not, as the family was away, and the rooms had been closed until their return; then, seeing our look of disappointment, she inquired if we had come far, and on our informing her that we were from New York and members of the guild, she kindly admitted us to the study. From the wide hall we stepped at once into this study — a large, airy front room on the right as one enters. A round center-table occupied the middle of the room, on which were grouped the poet's favorite books, several manuscript poems as they came from his hand, his inkstand, pen, and other familiar articles.

Mr. Ernest Longfellow's fine portrait of his father in a corner of the room is a noteworthy feature. The furniture, table, and all the appointments of the room are as they were left by the former occupant, and we learned that it was the intention of the family to preserve them in this condition.

Down Brattle Street a quarter of a mile further, on the opposite side, is Elmwood, the home of the Lowells for two generations, and for years the seat of James Russell Lowell. This house, too, has a history; it was built about 1760, and previous to the Revolution was the home of Lieut.-Gov. Thomas Olivers, the last of the English colonial rulers. Olivers abdicated in 1775, in compliance, as he explained, with the command of a mob of 4,000 persons who had surrounded his house. A little later it was used as a hospital for the wounded in the skirmish on Bunker Hill, and the field opposite was taken for the burial of the dead. Elbridge Gerry resided here for a term of years, his successor being the Rev. Charles Lowell, father of the poet. The house and grounds could not be quainter or more delightfully rural if they were a hundred miles in the interior. The original mansion, the great pines and elms, the old barn, outhouses, and orchard, have been preserved as they existed a hundred years ago.

Another mansion notable in letters is the Holmes House, near the Common, between Kirkland Street and North Avenue, an old gambrel-roofed structure,

with the mosses of more than one hundred and fifty years clinging to its clapboards. Here the Committee of Safety planned the organization of the army; it was also for a short time the headquarters of Washington. Some years after the war the place came into the possession of Judge Oliver Wendell, maternal grandfather of the poet, from whom it passed to the Rev. Abiel Holmes, the father of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. "Old Ironsides" was one of the many poems written within its walls. It is now the property of the college.

The Lee, the Fayerweather, the Brattle, the Waterhouse, and other mansions have famous and interesting histories; but we have perhaps said enough to give the reader an idea of what a midsummer walk in Cambridge may develop.

CHAPTER II

A DAY IN LEXINGTON

THE drive from Boston to Lexington is one rarely taken by tourists, but is a most interesting excursion nevertheless, particularly if one has for cicerone one familiar with the towns and their history. Getting over the Charles and beyond the suburbs, one is surprised to find himself in a region so wild and sparsely populated. The land is sterile, the hill pastures covered with sweet fern and whortleberry bushes, and the farmhouses few and far between. We followed pretty definitely the route of the British on the fateful morning of the 19th of April, and in an hour and a half drove into Arlington, the only considerable town on the way. In 1775 it was a little hamlet bearing its aboriginal name, but famous for its tavern — the Black Horse, — which was the meeting place of both the town committees of safety and supplies. “The floor of this tavern was stained with the first blood shed in the Revolution” observed my friend as we drove past. After Paul Revere dashed into Lexington at midnight with his note of alarm, scouts were sent down the Boston road as far as Arlington to give notice of the

enemy's approach. One of these videttes was nearly surprised in the tavern by the British advance, another, Samuel Whittemore by name, was shot, bayoneted, and left for dead in the street opposite, and after his assailants left, was borne bleeding into the tavern where his wounds were dressed. He eventually recovered.

Three hours after leaving Boston we drove into Lexington. The village has escaped the fate of many Massachusetts towns and is as quietly rural now as a hundred years ago. A long main street, shaded by elms, and a pretty green of perhaps an acre, surrounded by straggling village houses, are its prominent features. At the south end of the green is a tall flagstaff, bearing aloft a motto which informs the tourist that on that spot American Freedom was born. Further north, on the mound where many of Captain Parker's men "abided the event" that April morning, stands a monument, erected by the citizens of Lexington at the expense of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in memory of their fellow-citizens, Ensign Robert Monroe, and Messrs. John Parker, Samuel Hadley, Jonathan Harrington, Jr., Isaac Muzzey, Caleb Harrington, and John Brown, of Lexington, and Asahel Porter, of Woburn, "who fell on this field, the first victims to the sword of British Tyranny and Oppression, on the morning of the ever memorable Nineteenth of April, 1775."

“The die was cast. The blood of these martyrs, in the cause of God and their country, was the cement of the Union of these States, then colonies, and gave the spring to the spirit, firmness, and resolution of their citizens. They rose as one man to avenge their brethren’s Blood, and at the point of the sword to assert and defend their native rights. They nobly dared to be free. The contest was long, bloody, and affecting. Righteous Heaven approved the solemn appeal. Victory crowned their arms; the Peace, Liberty and Independence of the United States was their glorious reward.”

Some of the local incidents of the fight, as narrated by my friend, are given in the books and need not be repeated here; to others, however, he imparted so novel and realistic a tone that I shall venture to repeat them. Leading me to a spot on the Common a little north of the site of the old meeting-house, he remarked: “Right here fell Jonathan Harrington. His wife stood in her door yonder watching him, and saw him fall, partly rise and fall again, with the blood streaming from his breast; at last he crept across the road and died at her feet. The ammunition was stored in the meeting-house, and four men were there filling their cartridge boxes when the firing began. One of them, Joshua Simonds, cocked his musket, and ensconced himself beside an open cask of powder, declaring that he would blow the building to pieces before that powder should

charge His Majesty's muskets." "Another instance of resolution is found in Jonas Parker, who had often sworn that he would never run from the British. As they appeared he loaded his musket, placed his hat with his ammunition in it on the ground before him, and remained there loading and firing until killed with the bayonet." "In the old glebe house yonder, on Hancock Street, then occupied by the Rev. Sylvester Clark, John Hancock and Samuel Adams watched the progress of the fight; they would no doubt have taken part in it had they not been restrained by a guard of a sergeant and eight men. As the British left the town, marching toward Concord, they withdrew to a hill partly covered by forest southeast of the house. Waiting here, Adams, from the bare summit of a rock, observing the commotion in the town below, remarked with a prophet's insight, 'What a glorious morning for America is this!'"

There is quite a history and some romance connected with the presence of the two patriots in Lexington that morning. On the arrival, a short time before, of King George's orders to hang them in Boston, if caught, they became proscribed men, and sought a refuge with the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Lexington, a relation of Hancock. Mrs. Thomas Hancock, widow of the great merchant, and aunt of the Governor, with her protégée, Miss Dolly Quincy, then affianced to the Governor, were also present. Miss Dolly was the belle of

Boston, very beautiful and wilful withal, and on this occasion the cause of some trouble to her somewhat elderly lover, for against his urgent entreaties she persisted in viewing the fight from her chamber window. Learning that their capture was one of the objects of the expedition, the two patriots, as the British passed on, retired to the house of the Rev. Mr. Jones, in Woburn, the ladies accompanying them. Next day the wilful Miss Dolly proposed returning to her father, Judge Edmund Quincy, in Boston, but Mr. Hancock said decidedly that she should not return while there was a British bayonet in Boston. "Recollect, Mr. Hancock," she replied, "that I am not under your control yet: I shall go in to my father to-morrow." She was overruled, however, and the whole party, a few days later, passed down through Connecticut to the seat of Thaddeus Burr in Fairfield, where, in the following August, Miss Dolly and the Governor were married. Tradition says they rode on this occasion in a light carriage drawn by four horses, with coachmen and footmen in attendance.

Meanwhile, in Lexington the Committee of Safety had dispatched a swift courier to Watertown, with news of the morning's affray, and the committee there at once commissioned a messenger, Trail Bissel, to alarm the colonies. I have seen the credentials which this messenger carried, stating that the bearer, Trail Bissel, was charged to alarm the country quite to Con-

necticut, and desiring all patriots to furnish him fresh horses as needed. From indorsements on it by the committees of the various towns it appears that it left Watertown at 10 A.M. on April 19th (Wednesday), reached Brookline at 11 A.M., and Norwich at 4 P.M. on Thursday; New London at 7 P.M., Lyme on Friday morning at 1, Saybrook at 4 A.M., Killingworth at 7 A.M., Guilford at 10 A.M., Branford at noon, New Haven in the afternoon, Fairfield at 8 A.M. on Saturday, New York on Sunday at 4 P.M., New Brunswick the next day at 2 A.M., Princeton at 6, and Philadelphia in the afternoon.

CHAPTER III

CONCORD MEMORIES

CONCORD is, or should be, the Mecca of the cultivated; one might search far in the Old World or the New and not find a town of such varied literary and historic interest. Memories of Hawthorne and Emerson, of Thoreau, Channing, and Margaret Fuller invest it, and there still remains the scholarly society that properly-accredited visitors have long found so pleasant.

One cannot walk far in the old town without finding something to please the fancy or stir the pulse. The goal of most tourists is the river and its famous bridge — a half-mile from town; but on the way thither one meets a structure quite as famous in its way — the Old Manse of Emerson and Hawthorne. It is quite old, and stands mossy and stately behind an avenue of elm and maple, with its numerous narrow-paned windows in front, and one lone outlook from its quaint dormer; still habitable and inhabited, although nearly one hundred and twenty years have passed since its stout frame was raised. A pretty green lawn surrounds the house, and an apple orchard slopes in the rear to the

Concord. The house was built for the ministers of the town, and, save a short interregnum filled by Hawthorne, has always been occupied by them or their descendants. The room above the dining-room is the most notable. There Emerson wrote many of his best poems, and there the "Mosses from an Old Manse" were put into form and sent out to delight the world. From its northern window, it is said, the wife of the Rev. William Emerson watched the fight on Concord Bridge. It is but a stone's throw — a few steps along the road, a sharp turn to the left, and down a little knoll through the gloom of somber pines, until, under two ancient elms that saw the volleys of 1775, appear the river and the bridge.

It cannot be said that the people of Concord are indifferent to the preservation of their historic places. Two monuments mark the battleground, and when the old bridge became unsafe they built a new one — an exact copy of the old. On the hither side of the stream is a plain granite shaft, erected in 1836, bearing this inscription by Emerson: "Here on the 19th of April, 1775, was made the first forcible resistance to British aggression. On the opposite bank stood the American militia, and on this spot the first of the enemy fell in the war of the Revolution, which gave independence to these United States. In gratitude to God, and in the love of freedom, this monument was erected A.D. 1836." But after many years it was per-

ceived by the people of Concord that to commemorate with monuments the spot where your enemy fell, and leave unmarked the ground where your patriot forefathers bled, was neither appropriate nor patriotic, and Mr. D. C. French, a young sculptor of the town, was commissioned to design a bronze statue to commemorate the minute-men's stand for liberty. Few statues of historic meaning are so simple and appropriate. The central idea is the minute-man in toil-stained attire, with ancient flintlock firmly grasped. The stern, tense visage of the man is admirably shown. The figure leans upon an old-fashioned plow, and stands on a simple granite base, on which are chiseled Emerson's well-known lines:

“ By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's sun unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

The two British soldiers left dead on the ground were buried on the afternoon of the Concord fight, by the stone wall near by. The grave is now protected by a railing, and marked by the inscription, “Grave of British soldiers,” on a stone in the wall above it.

Except the Old Manse, the houses of literary interest are all on the other side of the town. If from the village green one strolls down the Lexington road, a leisurely walk of five minutes will bring him to a fork in the road, facing which, on the right, is a plain,

square country house, painted white, with the traditional picket fence in front, and sundry pines and maples bending protectingly over its square roofs. A drive leads through the road to a yellow barn in the rear, and flanking this is a garden of half an acre, in which, in their season, roses and a rare collection of hollyhocks may be found. This was for many years the home of Emerson. It has received and entertained the notables of two generations.

The left branch of the fork — the old Boston Road — leads in an eighth of a mile to Wayside, the former home of Hawthorne. The house pleases the esthetic taste rather more than that of the philosopher. It is nestled under one of the sharp spurs that define the Concord Valley, and deep groves of pines on the hillside and at its base contrast prettily with the green of the lawn and the neutral tints of the cottage. The house was later occupied by George P. Lathrop, the son-in-law of Hawthorne. The Orchard House, the former home of the Alcott family, adjoined Wayside on the north. Mr. Alcott removed from it as the infirmities of age came on, and resided in the village with a widowed daughter, Mrs. Pratt. In the winter Miss Louisa M. Alcott also made her home with them. In the same yard with the Alcott house stood a little, vine-wreathed chapel, in which the lectures and discussions of the School of Philosophy were held.

The only house in Concord that can be said to have

been distinctively Thoreau's home was the little shed on a sand bar of Walden Pond, which he built as a protest against the follies and complex wants of society. This house contained one room ten feet wide by fifteen long, a closet, a window, two trap-doors, and a brick chimney at one end. Its timbers were grown on the spot, the boards for its covering were procured from the deserted shanty of a railway laborer, and the whole cost of the structure did not exceed \$30. In this house, through the most inclement season of the year — from July to May — the philosopher lived at an expense of \$8.76 — a striking reproof of modern folly and extravagance. The house on the Virginia road where Thoreau was born was standing in 1883, and the house where he died was later the residence of the Alcotts.

Perhaps the tourist will derive his most novel and permanent impressions of Concord from the cemeteries. The Hill Burying-ground, rising directly from the town square, is the most ancient, its oldest stone bearing date of 1677. Major John Buttrick, who commanded the patriots at the bridge, and the Rev. William Emerson, who by example advocated resistance to tyrants that morning, are interred here; and here Pitcairn stood to watch the fight and direct the movements of his troops. No other yard, I think, can furnish such novel and distinctive epitaphs. There is one, for instance, which shows when white marble, emblematic of purity, first began to be used for memorials, the

favorite material before that having been red sandstone. Here is the inscription:

"This stone is designed by its durability to perpetuate the memory, and by its color to signify the moral character, of Miss Abigail Dudley, who died January 4, 1812, aged 73."

The epitaph to John Jack, an aged slave who died in 1773, is said to have been written by the Rev. Daniel Bliss, a former minister of Concord:

"God wills us free; man wills us slaves. I will as God wills; God's will be done. Here lies the body of John Jack, a native of Africa, who died March, 1773, aged about sixty years. Though born in a land of slavery, he was born free. Though he lived in a land of liberty, he lived a slave; till by his honest though stolen labors he acquired the source of slavery, which gave him his freedom. Though not long before death, the grand tyrant, gave him his final emancipation, and put him on a footing with kings. Though a slave to vice, he practised those virtues without which kings are but slaves."

It would be difficult to imagine a more charming resting-place than Sleepy-Hollow Cemetery, Concord's modern place of interment. Originally it was a natural park of hill and dale, shaded by forest trees, with a beautiful hollow of perhaps an acre in extent in the center. The grounds were laid out in 1855, art being content to adorn rather than change nature's plan.

Most of Concord's famous dead are buried here. Hawthorne, Thoreau, and Emerson lie on the same ridge, and almost in adjoining plots. Ascending the Ridge Path from the west, Thoreau's grave is seen on the brow of the ridge, beneath a group of tall pines. The lot is unenclosed. A brown-stone slab marks the author's grave; the grave of his brother John, a youth of great promise, is close beside, and those of his father, mother, and two sisters share the lot. "May my life be not destitute of its Indian summer," Thoreau once prayed, and one learns from the stone that he was cut down before the summer had fairly come to him.

Hawthorne's tomb is but a few steps away, covered with myrtle, and marked by two small stones, one at the foot and one at the head. There are but two other graves in the plot — those of his grandchildren, Francis H. and Gladys H. Lathrop.

Emerson was laid on the same hill summit, a short distance south.

CHAPTER IV

AUTUMN DAYS IN QUINCY, 1883

THE illustrated magazines in their wide search for topics seem to have missed Quincy — most prolific in subjects for both pen and pencil. The town is almost in sight of Boston, but seven miles away, with its granite quarries and manufactories, a town of to-day; but in its ancient churchyards and fine old mansions hidden in the suburbs a wealth of interesting historical material lies buried. Take, for instance, the ancient mansion of the Quincys, a half-mile north of the village, on the old road opened to connect Plymouth Colony with Massachusetts Bay, one of the first highways of the nation. The house stands in a sunny hollow on the banks of a little brook that enters, a short distance beyond, an arm of the sea. Looking on it from the street between two fine old English lindens that grace the entrance and rows of elms beyond, one can but consider it one of the finest specimens of colonial domestic architecture extant — an impression which the interior, with its broad hall and gently ascending staircase, with carved balustrade, the wide but low-studded rooms, with their ancient furniture

and relics, heightens rather than diminishes. Its occupant, when we visited it, Mr. Peter Butler, had made a study of the history of his dwelling, and placed the date of the erection of its earlier portion in 1635, on the authority of the venerable Josiah Quincy, President of Harvard College, who died in 1864, aged ninety-six, and of his son, the late Edmund Quincy of Dedham, an accomplished antiquary. Its builder was that Edmund Quincy who came to Boston in 1633 with John Cotton, and became the ancestor of the Quincys who later figured so prominently in the history of their country. He died in 1637, shortly after the allotment of a large tract of land in Braintree, now Quincy, had been made him. His son Edmund enlarged the original structure, and lived in it to a green old age, dying in January, 1698. He too was a notable citizen, representing his town many times in the General Court, acting as magistrate, and serving as lieutenant-colonel of the Suffolk regiment. "A true New England man," said Judge Sewall of him, in his diary, "and one of our best friends"; while another writer pictures him as reproducing "the type of the English country gentleman in New England."

It is in the famous diary of Judge Sewall, under date of 1712, that we find the first printed mention of the old house. He is noting a journey from Plymouth (where he had been holding court) to Boston, made in March of that year, and proceeds: "Rained hard

quickly after setting out; went by Mattakeese meeting-house, and forded over the North River. My Horse stumbled in the considerable body of water, but I made a shift, by God's Help, to set him, and he recovered and carried me out. Rained very hard and we went into a barn awhile. Baited at Bainsto's, dined at Cushing's, dried my coat and hat at both places. By that time got to Braintry; the day and I were in a manner spent, and I turned into Cousin Quinsey. . . . Lodged in the chamber next the Brooke." A pleasing glimpse of the "free-hearted hospitality" of that day this little extract affords; "the Brooke" is still there, and the chamber too, but little changed in general appearance since the distinguished guest left it. Judge Sewall's chamber was a corner room, with an outlook on both the turnpike and across the brook over the fields on the north. The adjoining room is still known as "Flynt's chamber," and the room beneath, connected with it by a narrow, winding stair, as "Flynt's study," from a former occupant, Henry Flynt, known to his contemporaries as "Tutor Flynt," from his having filled the office of tutor at Harvard College for fifty-five years. His father was the Rev. Henry Flynt of Dorchester, and his sister Dorothy married Judge Edmund Quincy, and became the ancestress of a long line of noble sons and daughters.

There was a personality about Tutor Flynt that caused him to figure quite prominently in the diaries

and notes of the men of his day. Judge Sewall relates an adventure that occurred to the tutor and himself while they were journeying from Cambridge to Portsmouth, Sewall being at the time an undergraduate. "After dinner we passed through North Hampton to Greenland, and after coming to a small rise of the road, the hills on the north side of Piscataqua River appearing in view, a conversation passed between us respecting one of them, which he said was Frost Hill. I said it was Agamenticus, a large hill in York. We differed in opinion, and each of us adhered to his own idea of the subject. During this conversation, while we were descending gradually at a moderate pace, and at a small distance from Clark's tavern, the ground being a little sandy, but free from stones or obstructions of any kind, the horse somehow stumbled in so sudden a manner, the boot of the chair being loose on Mr. Flynt's side, as to throw him headlong from the carriage into the road; and the stoppage being so sudden, had not the boot been fastened on my side, I might probably have been thrown out likewise. The horse sprang up quickly, and with some difficulty I so guided the chair as to prevent the wheel passing over him, when I halted and jumped out, being apprehensive from the manner in which the old gentleman was thrown out it must have broken his neck. Several persons at the tavern noticed the occurrence, and immediately came to assist Mr. Flynt, and after raising

found him able to walk to the house; and after washing his face and head with some water found the skin rubbed off his forehead in two or three places, to which a young lady . . . applied some court plaster. After which we had among us two or three single bowls of lemon punch made pretty sweet, with which we refreshed ourselves, and became very cheerful. . . . I was directed to pay for our bowl of punch and the oats our horse had received, after which we proceeded on towards Portsmouth. . . . The punch we had partaken of was pretty well charged with good old spirit, and Mr. Flynt was very pleasant and sociable."

This interesting character died in 1760 and was buried in the cemetery at Cambridge.

Edmund Quincy, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, inhabited the old mansion in the days preceding the Revolution. His daughter Dorothy was the belle of Boston society in those days. John Hancock, at one time a resident of Quincy, wooed and won her in this very house. In its parlor we saw the quaint French paper placed on its walls in honor of her approaching nuptials. The marriage did not take place here, however, but in Fairfield, Conn., nearly two hundred miles distant. Hancock and Samuel Adams, as is well known, early became the special objects of British vengeance. They were in hiding in Lexington at the time Pitcairn marched against the town (Mrs. Hancock and Miss Quincy being also in the village),

and escaped to a neighboring farm, where news was brought of the approach of the enemy, it being supposed then that their capture was one of the objects of the expedition. After the *mêlée* the four drove in a carriage down through Connecticut to the mansion of Thaddeus Burr, in Fairfield, a friend of Hancock's, where the ladies spent the summer, and where, in the autumn, on Hancock's return from presiding over the Continental Congress, the lovers were married.

A few years after the Revolution the old mansion passed from the family, being purchased, with the twenty-five acres of lawn and field that now comprise the estate, by a gentleman named Allayne, who came to Boston from Barbadoes, where his family held large possessions. He was probably attracted to Quincy by the fame of the old mansion, and by the fact that here was an Episcopal church and rector — one of the very few places in New England at that period where that church had gained a foothold. Two other gentlemen resided here before Mr. Butler came into possession, so that five families in all had then occupied it.

Among the furniture were two chairs, formerly belonging to Governor Hutchinson, two which had held the portly form of Governor Bowdoin, and two brought from France by the Huguenots in 1686. There was also a gun, picked up in the retreat from Lexington, bearing the initials of the soldier who dropped it, either in the hurry of flight or at the command of death. The

paper on the parlor, which, as we have remarked, was placed there in honor of the approaching marriage of Dorothy Quincy to John Hancock, had some features of interest. It was covered with quaint designs and was laid on in squares, the papermaker of that day not having hit on the device of winding his product in rolls. There was also an interesting collection of Websteriana — the great statesman's wine-cooler, some of his silver-ware, two snuff-boxes, one of which was presented by the father of the late Sam Ward, a shot-gun, several portraits, and the cane presented by the citizens of Erie, Pa., in 1837. There was a pewter carving-dish that belonged to an earlier age, the wine-cooler of General Gage, and the punch-bowl of Governor Eustis, last used, it is said, when it was filled in honor of Lafayette. There was here, too, the secretary of Governor Hutchinson, and one of the original Franklin stoves. In the library, with its narrow, winding stair leading up to "Flynt's study," stood a tall, brass-faced clock of ancient design, an oddity in clocks, from having but a single hand, the hours being divided into sections of seven and a half minutes each.

Several autograph letters of John and John Quincy Adams remind us that we are but a few steps from the old Adams family mansion, which might be seen across the meadows on the west but for the trees. From the Quincy mansion we paid it a visit, turning the corner, then up a side street, across the deep cut of the railway,

just beyond which we reached it: a fine old double house, set in a pretty park, with a long piazza in front, two entrances and halls, and on the west a detached, vine-covered brick structure — the library. It had sheltered two Presidents and their families, and was for years the home of Charles Francis Adams. We were admitted to the parlor, as a special favor, and shown the fine portraits of John Adams and his wife Abigail, by Stuart, and of John Quincy Adams, by Copley, and to the dining-room, where hung the portraits of George II. and his Queen, by Savage. Then we went out along the piazza to the entrance on the west, and on the left entered the "Mahogany Room," the favorite apartment of the Presidents; so called because it is finished in panels of solid mahogany. The old mansion, we learned, was built seventy-five years before President John Adams bought it, by a famous West India merchant of Boston, who, having a large importation of mahogany in stock, utilized it in the rich and solid decoration of one room of his mansion. The library of the Presidents, where much of their literary work was done, was in this wing, but as rare and valuable books and manuscripts accumulated, the risk of retaining them in the main building was deemed too great, and some years ago the brick fire-proof structure which we have mentioned was erected by the late occupant for their safe keeping.

CHAPTER V

BROOK FARM IN 1881

INTEREST in the bright young spirits that constituted the Brook Farm Phalanx drew me out one May day to the scene of their experiment. After a seven-mile ride by train we were set down at the pretty rural suburb of West Roxbury, somewhat noteworthy as being the first pastoral charge of Theodore Parker. The farm lies on the bank of the Charles River, about a mile north of the station, and is reached by a country road that goes straight forward for the first three quarters of a mile, then winds up and around a small hill, bends down into the valley of the Charles again, crosses a small brook by a rustic bridge, and then turns directly by the main buildings of the farm. One can but be charmed with its location. The larger part of it lies in the sunny intervale of a little brook that flows westward into the Charles, but the boundary line also includes a series of knolls and foothills that rise on the brook's northern border, and crowning these hills is a dense wood of cedar, hemlock, chestnut, and other forest trees. The Charles flows a few yards from its western boundary. In a little brown cottage, just

across the way, lives George Bradford, an aged Englishman, who was once in charge of the farm, and who readily consented to act as our guide. The present estate is far from being the Blithedale of Hawthorne or the Brook Farm of Ripley and his associates. Probably there is not another farm in New England that has undergone such mutations as this in the brief period of thirty years. The Phalanx had pretty fully dispersed in the summer of 1848. For some time after their departure the estate was used by the city of Roxbury for a poor-farm. Then it was purchased by James Freeman Clarke, with the design, it was said, of building houses upon it and making it a suburb of the city. This design, however, if entertained, was never carried out. When the civil war broke out the farm became a camp for the volunteer soldiers of Massachusetts, and the tramp of armed men was heard in the former abode of dreamers. Later it was purchased by a Mr. Burckhardt, its present owner, for the site and endowment of an orphan asylum. In the course of these mutations all the buildings erected by the Phalanx, except one, have disappeared, and the whole aspect of the farm has been changed.

We entered the grounds by the main, or east entrance. From the gate a carriage way winds west, in and out among the knolls, having the brook and the intervale on the south. Just here, on a pretty green plateau, sheltered by an old cottonwood tree, stood the main

building, known to all familiar with the literature of the farm as the "Beehive." It was an old two-story and rustic structure of wood, with nothing particularly noticeable about its outward appearance. In 1849, when the town Committee on the Poor-Farm visited it, it contained "on the first floor two parlors, one large dining-room, 45 x 14, with closets, a kitchen with a Stimpson range, calculated for from sixty to eighty persons, and containing three large boilers, a wash-room, press-room, store-room, and closets; and on the second floor, two large chambers with fireplaces, two bedrooms, and thirteen sleeping-rooms, with several closets." The "hive" was destroyed by fire long ago, and its site is now occupied by Mr. Burckhardt's orphan asylum. Proceeding west, along the driveway, the sites of the former communal buildings were marked by fire-blackened ruins, and we noticed with what an eye to the picturesque they had been selected. First, a few yards west of the house was the barn, a large building, seventy feet by forty, with an addition for grain-rooms. Directly above it, on the crest of the hill, stood the Phalanstery, or Pilgrim House, whose loss by fire almost before it was completed so seriously crippled the community. The "Ery," also quite prominent in the literature of the farm, stood still further north, almost in the shadow of the pine forest. Our guide informed us in his gossipy way that when he first came here, in 1849, Charles A. Dana and his wife were its

occupants. Most interesting of all to us was Margaret Fuller's cottage, still standing on the crest of a little hill, in the midst of a copse of cedars. It is cruciform in shape, covered with wide wooden clapboards, and is now the dwelling of the superintendent of the estate and his family. Our guide remarked *sotto voce* that Miss Fuller received \$1,600 for it in the distribution of the property. Just beneath the cottage windows, in a grassy little hollow sheltered on every side by woods and hills, were the flower garden and hothouse of the association. Bradford expatiated largely on the beauty and bloom of this garden in its palmy days, and said that until within a year or two the country people were in the habit of resorting hither for slips of the Provence roses that still lived and flourished within its borders. It is only a patch of weed-covered earth now. A few yards west, in the deep gloom of the hemlocks, is a little graveyard where several members of the community found a last resting-place.

On the summit of a little knoll at the farthest verge of the farm, we sat down and tried to realize that this was the locality made classic by the presence of Zenobia, Hollingsworth, and Priscilla; that here the bright young prophets of a new social era sawed and planed in the workshops, toiled and moiled in the cornfields, that a new idea might have birth and a chance for its life; but the fire-blackened ruins and bare brown hill-sides are too intensely practical for any play of feeling

or show of sentiment. It is a little singular that none of the ready writers engaged in the enterprise has ever given the world an authentic account of the movement in its inception and results. Ripley and Dana, the two leading spirits, do not even give the name a place in their great cyclopedia. Hawthorne, it will be remembered, refers to this omission in the preface to his "Blithedale Romance," and gives a playful challenge to some of his literary confrères there to step forward and fill up the gap. He himself gives us glimpses in this book of the life at the farm, but one has a suspicion that they are more fictitious than real. The leaders have always evinced a great reluctance to refer to the matter in any way, seemingly regarding it as a freak of youthful folly of which the least said the better. The younger members, however — those who grew up from boyhood to manhood on the farm, of whom there are several in this city — show no such reluctance, and have very interesting reminiscences of the experiment to relate. One of these gentlemen, a middle-aged business man, recently favored me with some recollections, of which I give a synopsis.

"The Brook Farm experiment," he began, "was neither socialistic nor communistic, but it was utilitarian and humanitarian. A Mutual Aid Society would be a very appropriate name for it. It was a joint-stock corporation, regularly incorporated, known legally as the Brook Farm Phalanx. Some of its members con-

tributed money, some labor of hand or brain; but these last were required to toil only a certain number of hours each day, and were on a social equality with the capitalists. All had an opportunity for study and social improvement afforded them. There was a division of labor among us. Some taught in the schools, some wrought in the workshops, some on the farm. The school of which Mr. and Mrs. Ripley were the directors was the most successful department. It gained quite a wide reputation, and numbered among its pupils young men from Manila, Havana, Florida, and Cambridge. There were classes in Greek, German, Italian, mental and moral philosophy, as well as a b c classes for the little children. Then we published a weekly newspaper called the *Harbinger*, which attained a higher grade, I think, than any American journal which had preceded it. Ripley, Dana, and Knight were the working editors, and Channing, Parker, Otis, Clapp, Cranch, Curtis, Duganne, Godwin, Greeley, Higginson, Lowell, Story, and Whittier contributors. It was the legitimate successor of three other publications of like character — the *Dial*, the *Present*, and the *Phalanx* — and after the failure of the association was published for a time at New York, but finally died of inanition. We paid great attention to social life and development at Brook Farm. The finest minds and most genial hearts were attracted to it. Beautiful and cultured women added their gracious presence, too, and the long

winter evenings spent around the glowing fireside of the old farmhouse were social *symposia* of the highest order. We read, we sang, we discussed art, literature, social questions, the topics of the day, and wove glowing visions of the coming of the new order which should cast out the old. Ripley was the prince among us both in intellect and heart, and was the inspiration of the whole movement. Dana was the business manager, the only man of affairs among us. Dwight was the teacher and preacher. Emerson and Parker, the latter then preaching at Roxbury, often looked in on us with words of sympathy and advice. I see you are curious to know why our undertaking failed. Not from any inherent weakness in the principle we younger men have always maintained, but from extraneous causes. Our situation was ill-judged. We were seven miles from Boston, and in the absence of railroads our supplies, coal for the engine and products of farm and workshops, had to be hauled that distance in wagons. Then we were not organized systematically and suffered from inexperience, besides meeting with sad losses by fire. I am quite sure in the hands of practical men the experiment could be tried with a fair measure of success."

CHAPTER VI

A VISIT TO PLYMOUTH, 1882

PLYMOUTH derives little dignity from its position, being planted on a narrow plateau that lies behind the sea, and a range of steep high bluffs that form quite a feature of the coast. Its chief characteristics are pretty white country houses embowered in trees. There are a few manufactories, but they are in the outskirts, and give little hint of their presence. Of commerce it has very little, Boston having long ago absorbed what might have fallen to its share, and it seems to have accepted quite contentedly its position as conservator of things rare and ancient. All visitors to Plymouth are perforce pilgrims, and it is fortunate that its varied objects of interest — Forefathers' Rock, Pilgrim Hall, Burial Hill, and the National Monument — are within such easy distance of one another.

As one goes down Court Street from the railway station under fine old elms, one sees on the left an ornate building with a Doric portico and much the appearance of a Grecian temple standing somewhat back from the village street. It is Pilgrim Hall, erected by the Pilgrim Society in 1824, and devoted to the

preservation of relics of the forefathers. It also partakes of the character of a general museum. In its great hall one finds many mementoes of a historic past. There are paintings and portraits on the walls, and in cases arranged about the room are many relics of the fathers and of the tribes of the Old Colony. Of the paintings, the most noteworthy is Parker's copy of Weir's great picture of the embarkation in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington. Sargent's large painting of the landing, which covers nearly the whole of the east wall, is barely within the range of criticism, since it was a gift from the artist. Among the portraits, the most noteworthy is that of Edward Winslow, third Governor of the colony, and one of the immortal forty-one who signed the compact on the *Mayflower*. It is a copy, the original being in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, and the only portrait, it is said, of a passenger on the *Mayflower* in existence. Near the Governor's portrait is a noble face — that of his son Josiah, the first native-born Governor of the colony; the beautiful Madonna-like face beside it is that of his wife Penelope. A stern, military figure in uniform is their grandson, the Major-General John Winslow of the British Army to whom was entrusted the removal of the French Acadians from their homes. All of these worthies except Governor Edward lie buried in the old churchyard at Marshfield, near the grave of Daniel Webster. A

striking portrait is that of John Alden, grandson of John Alden and Priscilla. The face of Jonathan Trumbull, the famous war Governor of Connecticut, charms one by its air of stern uprightness. His son John Trumbull, the historical painter, is also portrayed here, and there is a copy of an original portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh, painted by a London artist, which was formerly the property of President Jefferson.

The glass cases ranged about the room attract the greater number of visitors. They contain relics of the forefathers and mothers far too precious to be exposed to the dust or the rapacity of the curiosity-seeker. Those relating to Miles Standish are exceedingly interesting. There are several of these — Holland brick from the burned ruins of his house in Duxbury, his great pewter platter with a rim at least four inches wide and a pit of proportionate depth, and his sword, the trenchant blade that again and again saved the little colony from destruction. There are traditions that it was made of meteoric stone by the Persian Magi, and that it possessed talismanic virtues. It is known to be of Persian manufacture, and was no doubt won from some Spanish hidalgo by the Captain in his wars in the low countries. On the blade is engraved the sun and the moon. On the face is an Arabic inscription to this effect: "With peace God ruled his slaves, and with judgment of his arm he gave trouble to the valiant of the mighty." On the reverse of the blade are two

other inscriptions, one obscure, the other meaning, "In God is all might." We have in this case, too, a sampler wrought by the daughter of Miles Standish, a few years perhaps before her death. Into the cloth, below the intricate maze of needlework, is stitched this pious stanza:

"Lorea Standish is my name;
Lord, guide my heart that I may do Thy will;
Also fill my hands with such convenient skill
As may conduce to virtue void of shame;
And I will give the glory to Thy name."

The Captain's dinner-pot has been relegated to the floor. It is a huge affair, with a jointed bail and capacious stomach, rather insecurely mounted on three rudimentary legs. In one corner, under the great Sargent picture, is the arm-chair of Elder Brewster, made of toughest oak, and capacious enough for the person of Von Twiller himself. The good elder must have purchased it at Leyden or Delfthaven, for it never could have been fashioned for an Englishman. In the opposite corner is a model of that famous vessel, the *Mayflower*. Near it is the cradle in which Peregrine White, the first baby born to the colonists, was rocked. There is the halberd of John Alden — a murderous weapon, with a long oaken staff — his Bible, a deed acknowledged before him in 1653, an original letter from King Philip, the first Plymouth patent, dated 1621, the oldest State paper in the United States, and

scores of other relics intimately connected with the early settlers. One of the most interesting bits of the collection escapes the attention of the ordinary visitor. It may be found in one of the cases on the north side, and is the original copy of Bryant's tribute to the Pilgrims — "The Twenty-second of December." A companion piece is the first draft of Mrs. Hemans' well-known hymn to the Pilgrims. An autograph poem on the Pilgrim Fathers by Ebenezer Elliot, the corn-law rhymers, completes the collection, which was given to the Pilgrim Society in 1880 by James T. Fields.

Passing out of the historic building, we see near the right-hand corner an iron fence, elliptical in form, enclosing a chastely cut granite pillar, erected to the memory of the signers of the famous compact. Their names inscribed on scrolls attached to the railing encircle the stone. Going south from Pilgrim Hall a few blocks, one comes to a large and handsome building, situated so far back from the street that there is room for a pretty park between. This is the County Court-house, erected in 1820 and remodeled in 1857. There are two entrances, one on the north, the other on the south. If one enters on the south and passes through a long corridor to the further end, he will have on his left the office of the Register of Deeds. In this room, under the care of Mr. William S. Danforth, Secretary of the Pilgrim Society, is preserved one of the oldest, most complete and extensive collections of legal

and State papers in the land. They comprise the earliest records of Plymouth Colony, its laws, the allotment of lands, the original plan of the town, the records of the first church, the deeds, mortgages, and wills of the men famous in history. One easily fixes upon the original patent of the colony granted by the Earl of Warwick in 1629 as the most interesting. It is kept in the original box in which it came from England, and still retains the great wax seal which gave it validity. Of almost equal interest is the first order for trial by jury, in the quaint handwriting of Governor Bradford. Here, too, is the will of Standish, with his autograph attached, the order for the first customs law, the order dividing the cattle into lots, one cow being divided into thirteen lots, that is, her milk was distributed among thirteen families.

The chief object for all pilgrims is, of course, Forefathers' Rock. To reach it from the Court-house, one follows the main street a short distance south to Shirley Square. From this point a narrow side-street, the original Leyden Street of the Pilgrims, leads down to the docks and shipping. Here, near the water's edge, amid the din and stir of traffic, one finds the historic stone. Probably the first feeling of all visitors is one of disappointment. There is no stormy and rock-bound coast, as one has been led to expect, but a low, sandy shore, a natural landing-place. The rock itself is not a part of some huge cliff, but a boulder brought down

by the glaciers and deposited here to form the stepping-stone of a new empire. A granite canopy, designed by Billings and erected by the Pilgrim Society, covers it, and adds still more to the incongruity of its surroundings. Cole's Hill, a little bluff overtopping the rock, is also vastly changed since Master Coppin used it as a landmark in guiding the Pilgrim shallop to land. This hill was the first burial-ground of the Pilgrims, it will be remembered, nearly half the whole ship's company having been laid here ere the first year had passed, and their graves sown over with wheat, that the Indians might not discover the weakness of the colony. The hill now is turfed, surrounded by an iron railing, and granite steps lead down its side to the rock. We found Burial Hill, overlooking the central part of the village, exceedingly interesting. Here stood the earliest church, and here still rests the dust of the forefathers.

The churchyard is quite populous; there are more inhabitants here than in the village below. The tombstones are in a great variety of form and material, though the dark slate of England and the marble and granite of our own country predominate. The earlier headstones were brought from England before there was any stonecutter in the colony, and bear the winged cherub above the inscription, with much curious tracery on the sides. The oldest stone now standing is one erected to the memory of Edward Gray, a merchant who died in 1681. A stone to William Crowe, near the

head of the path, bears date 1683-4. There is one to Thomas Clark, said to have been mate of the *Mayflower*, erected in 1697; one to Mrs. Hannah Clark, 1687; one to John Cotton, 1699; these being all the original stones of the seventeenth century that remain. Too many of those that rest here sleep in obscurity. Not any of the one hundred and two souls of the *Mayflower* have their graves surely designated by the customary *hic jacet*, nor any of those who followed in the ship *Fortune* in 1621, save one — Thomas Cushman; and of those who came in the *Ann* and *Little James*, in 1623, only one — Thomas Clark — is remembered by any form of memorial. Tradition, however, has pointed out the places of sepulture of some of them, and on these spots their descendants have erected suitable monuments. Two attract the eye at once by their stateliness — the shaft in memory of William Bradford, the first Governor of Plymouth Colony and its faithful chronicler, and that erected by filial piety to the memory of Elder Robert.

The view from the summit of the hill is beautiful in the extreme. The village lies at your feet; before you the circle of Plymouth Bay rounds north and south, its northern headland being Captain's Hill, with the Standish monument crowning its peak, and its southern the bold bluffs of Manomet. It was interesting to look into the modern town and compare it with De Rasière's description of 1627:

“The houses,” he observes, “are constructed of hewn planks with gardens also enclosed behind and at the sides, so that their houses and courtyards are arranged in very good order with a stockade against a sudden attack. At the ends of the street there are three wooden gates. In the center, on a cross street, stands the Governor’s house, before which is a square enclosure, upon which four pateros are mounted so as to flank along the street. . . . Upon the hill they have a large square house with a flat roof. . . . The lower part they use for their church, where they preach on Sundays and the usual holidays. They assemble by beat of drum, each with his musket or firelock, in front of the Captain’s door; they have their cloaks on and place themselves in order there abreast, and are led by a sergeant without beat of drum. Behind comes the Governor in a long robe, beside on the right hand comes the preacher with his cloak on, and on the left hand the Captain with his side arms and cloak on and with a small cane in his hand; and so they march in good order, and each gets his arms down near him. Thus they are constantly on their guard night and day.”

I have before spoken of the range of hills that encircles the village. On the highest of these the Pilgrim Society, with the aid of contributions from the nation at large, has erected a monument to the memory of the Forefathers. There is so much of the crude and incon-

gruous in American sculpture that it is a pleasure to be able to commend this memorial. It is partly at least in accord with the genius of the place, and fitly presents the character and work of the men it is intended to commemorate. The material is Maine granite. The general design is that of an octagon pedestal forty-five feet high, on which stands a colossal statue of Faith. Four subordinate figures on buttresses projecting from the pedestal represent Morality, Education, Law, and Liberty. Beneath these in alto-relief are represented the departure, the signing of the compact, the landing, and the first treaty with the Indians. There are four panels on the four faces of the main pedestal, one on the front having the inscription of the monument, and those on the right and left the names of the passengers of the *Mayflower*. The fourth panel awaits an inscription. The pedestal was placed in position in the summer of 1876. The statue of Faith is the gift of Oliver Ames, a native of Plymouth, and was put in place in 1877. But one of the smaller statues — that of Morality — is now in position. It was the gift of the State of Massachusetts. The alto-relief beneath it was the contribution of Connecticut. The statue of Education is completed, with its companion alto-relief, both being the gift of Mr. Rowland Mather, of Hartford, Conn. The two other statues, Law and Liberty, are yet unprovided for, and await the contributions of those who honor the memory of the Pilgrims.

CHAPTER VII

A DAY AT GREEN HARBOR, 1882

TRAVELING Bostonward from historic Plymouth by the Old Colony Line, we were set down in twenty minutes at Webster Place, the nearest railway-point to Green Harbor, the former home of Daniel Webster. The Place was only a flag-station, and its sole building a shed that served as a waiting-room for passengers. In answer to our inquiry for the Webster farm, the boy who acted as station-master pointed out a broad, dusty highway leading eastward through the wood, and told us we were to go up that a mile until it forked by a schoolhouse, and that then half a mile by the left fork would bring us to the farm. The country is level here, and as we emerged from the forest upon cultivated fields we saw across them the blue line of the ocean. We easily found the fork in the road, and the schoolhouse, and were shown, on the corner directly opposite, the quaint, mossy, low-roofed house that once sheltered Governor Josiah Winslow of the Plymouth Colony. Leaving this relic, we followed a beautiful country road through the farms between several neatly painted farmhouses, and past

the pretty country-seat of Adelaide Phillips, the singer, to the smoothly laid walls and well-kept fields of the Webster estate. The old family mansion, burned in 1878, stood some distance back from the street, on a little knoll, in the midst of a park of thirty acres, well shaded by forest trees. It was a long, low, rambling structure of the colonial era, and had achieved a history before Webster bought it, having been occupied by the British troops in the Revolution, at which time it was the scene of some rather tragic incidents. But a fatality attends American historic houses, and this structure, dear to all Americans from Webster's connection with it, was burned to the ground on the morning of the 14th of February, 1878, and with it nearly all the objects of interest and art that had been gathered by its former owner. The mistress of the estate, Mrs. Fletcher Webster, rebuilt, on the former site, but with no attempt to reproduce the farmhouse of her ancestor's day. Her home was not open to visitors, as was the old dwelling, but on our presenting ourselves at the door we were kindly invited in, and a member of the household was deputed to introduce us to everything of public interest which it contained. A few relics intimately connected with the great statesman were saved from the flames that destroyed his house. His study-table of mahogany, veneered, and covered with green baize worn and ink stained, occupied a prominent position in the entrance hall. Near it was his

library chair, a huge affair, with leather-covered arms and seat and fitted with a foot-rest and bookholder. Here, too, were the fire-screen and andirons from the fireplace of his study. Stuart's portrait of Mr. Webster occupied a good position over the mantel; and Ames's portrait of him, as he appeared in farm-costume, faced it on the opposite wall. Above the latter was the great white wool hat that always protected his head while fishing or walking about the farm, and with it his favorite walking-stick. The walls of the wide stairway and of the hall above were adorned with portraits of Grace Fletcher, Mr. Webster's first wife, and of his friend Judge Story, and with busts of his last wife, Caroline Le Roy, and of his daughter Julia. In the parlor was a rosewood table from the old house, covered with the china in daily use by the family during his lifetime. This table was of rosewood, marble-topped and brass-bound. Another interesting object here was a table presented by the mechanics of Buffalo, in 1855, "in testimony of their respect for his distinguished services in defence of a protective tariff and of our national union." The material was of black walnut, the first ever used in furniture-making. A very pretty memento was a case of Brazilian beetles and butterflies presented to him by the Brazilian government. A beautifully embossed leather armchair, with gilded frame and top, the gift of Victor Emmanuel, in the music room, and an album containing signatures

of Jefferson, Everett, and other famous men, were the only other mementoes of note spared by the flames. Most of these relics, it was said, Mrs. Webster would present to the Webster Historical Society.

Out in the park we were shown two elms standing near together, their branches interlocked, which were planted by Mr. Webster himself, one at the birth of his son Edwin, the other at the birth of his daughter Julia, and which he called brother and sister. Another interesting object here was the great elm that sheltered the old house, half of it scorched by fire, the other green and vigorous. 74-46

Green Harbor River, or rather Inlet, comes up to the boundaries of the park in the rear of the house, and at high tide is navigable for small boats to the ocean, some two miles distant. Beyond this, over bare, brown uplands, one sees the white tombstones of a country graveyard. The yard is perhaps a quarter of a mile from the house, and the same distance from the highway, access to it being had by a rude road winding through the fields. It is one of the district cemeteries so common to New England, and holds the dust of perhaps a score of the families of the neighborhood, obscure and titled, — for what was our surprise, in strolling among the tombs, to find, on a great table of brown-stone supported by four pillars, inscriptions to the memory of some of the first magistrates of the Plymouth Colony! The yard was enclosed on three

sides by a mossy stone wall, and on the fourth by a modern iron fence. There were no trimly kept walks there; low stunted cedars, sumach, wild rose, and other bushes grew luxuriantly, and it had in general a neglected air. The Webster lot was in the southwest corner of the yard, near the entrance, and was enclosed by a heavy iron fence. The tomb of the statesman is a great mound of earth surmounted by a marble slab, at the north end of the lot. The stone has this inscription: "Daniel Webster, born January 18, 1782; died October 24, 1852. 'Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief,'" and beneath this, "Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe compared with the apparent insignificance of the globe, has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depths of my consciousness. The whole history of man proves it. Daniel Webster."

The plot is well filled. Grace Fletcher the first wife, and Julia the favorite daughter, are buried at the left of the husband and father. At their feet are three daughters of Fletcher and Caroline Webster. Near his father's right rests Major Edward Webster, who died of disease at San Angelo in Mexico, in Taylor's campaign of 1848. The most interesting grave, how-

ever, next to the Senator's, is that of Colonel Fletcher Webster, the gallant soldier who fell at the head of his regiment in the war of the rebellion. The inscription on his stone is so eloquent that it should be given in full; it reads:

“Colonel Fletcher Webster, 12th Massachusetts Volunteers, son of Daniel and Grace Fletcher Webster; born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, 25th July, 1813; fell at the head of his regiment on the old battle-field of Bull Run, Virginia, August 30, 1862.

“‘And if I am too old myself, I hope there are those connected with me who are young and willing to defend their country, to the last drop of their own blood.’

“Erected by officers of the 12th regiment Massachusetts Infantry to the memory of their beloved colonel.”

Webster was fond of this old yard, and chose it above all others for his last resting-place. I could not but be struck with the unique — almost weird — view presented from its summit.

To the eastward are marshes and the sea, the latter flecked with sails. On the south is a pleasant country of farms, with a hamlet of white cottages set in its midst. On the west one sees a stretch of bare, undulating down, bounded by a dense forest. Northwest across the fields is seen Marshfield village and spire, and on the north lies a wild country of pastures and downs. The spot seemed designed for meditation,

and in fancy we pictured the bent figure of the great commoner among the tombs, communing with his dead, or drawing inspiration from the scene about him.

Leaving the Webster plot and going for a little ramble among the other graves, we made a discovery that ought to commend us to the Society of American Antiquaries, — that, namely, of the Winslow tomb. The grave is marked by a great table of brown stone supported by four stone pillars. The Winslow arms, in slate, are set into the stone, and beneath are the inscriptions. Several of the famous persons of the name whose portraits one sees in Pilgrim Hall are here commemorated: Governor Josiah Winslow, the first native-born Governor of Plymouth Colony, who died in 1680; his wife Penelope; the Honorable John Winslow, a major-general in the British army, and the officer who removed the French Acadians from their country; the Honorable Isaac Winslow, Esq.; with later and less distinguished members of the family.

On our way back to the station we called on Porter Wright, formerly overseer of the Webster farm, and almost the only person then living who was on intimate terms with Mr. Webster. He managed the farm for some twelve or fifteen years preceding the latter's death, and readily consented to give us some details of his stewardship, as well as recollections of his employer. He first saw Mr. Webster on the occasion of the latter's second visit to Marshfield, and was at once

struck with his appearance. "He would have been a marked man, sir, in any company. He had a powerful look. I never saw a man who had such a look. He had an eye that would look through you. His first purchase here was the homestead, comprising some one hundred and fifty acres; but he had a passion for land, and kept adding farm to farm until he had an estate of nearly eighteen hundred acres. The farm extended north and south from the homestead, and to tide-water on the east. When I became his overseer I used to see him daily when he was home, which was as often as he could get away from public duties. He loved to walk about the farm in his plain clothes, with a great white wool hat on his head, and oversee the men. He usually gave me my directions for the day in the morning. We spent the latter part of the summer making plans for the next season's work; and when he was in Washington I had to write him nearly every day how things were at the farm; and I received instructions from him as often. He cared little for horses, but had a passion for a good ox-team. We had several on the farm, the finest in the county, and I have known him on his return from Washington pay them a visit before entering the house. At home he was an early riser, generally completing his writing for the day before other members of the family were up. He breakfasted with the family at eight, unless going on a fishing excursion, when he took breakfast alone at

five. Fishing was his favorite amusement. He had quite a fleet of sail-boats and row-boats, and fished along the coast from the Gurnet to Scituate Light. He caught cod mostly, but took also haddock and perch. When company was present, he invited them to go with him; but if they were averse he generally fitted them out with some other amusement and went his way alone. He entertained much company, — governors, statesmen, and the like, — but was averse to giving balls or parties or making any display. He attended church at Marshfield regularly, sometimes going with the family in the carriage, and sometimes on horseback alone. He often spoke to me about retiring from public life and spending his days quietly on the farm; but that time, as you know, never came. He died in 1852, and the farm was divided to the heirs — his son Fletcher, and the children of his daughter Julia.”

CHAPTER VIII

SALEM

ALMOST in sight of Boston, the supplanter near the point where Cape Ann breaks away from the mainland, is Salem, still nautical in tone and tradition, although scores of years have passed since she lost her hold on the commerce of the East. Her municipal seal bears the motto, "To the furthest port of the rich East"; old shipmasters who once carried her flag to the furthest seas congregate in the municipal offices to recount their conquests, and in the sunny nooks of Derby Street one comes on little knots of grizzled tars, their humble allies in adventure. In my first stroll through this thoroughfare I met an aged negro hobbling along, as briny and tarry as though steeped for years in those concomitants of a seafaring life. To my query as to the name of the street he replied promptly, "Darby Street, sah; run along heah, fore and aft," indicating the water-front with his forefinger. This Derby Street is a marvelously suggestive thoroughfare to the dreamer. Visions of it at its best still haunt it. Ghostly shadows of stately East India-men, Canton tea ships, and African treasure ships,

fall athwart it. Faint odors of the cassia, aloes, gums, and sandalwood of other days linger about it, and shadowy heaps of precious merchandise burden the wharves. The silent warehouses are again open, and porters busy within under the eye of precise clerks and supercargoes with pens over their ears and ink blotches on their long linen coats. In the counting-rooms the portly merchants greet buyers from all countries; the sail-makers are busy in their lofts; in long low buildings spinners with strands of hemp tread the rope-walk; the ship chandlers' shops are thronged; the street is filled with men of all nations.

But, dreaming aside, there is something phenomenal in the early growth of Salem's commerce. Her achievements were largely due to the genius of her own citizens, and they worked, it is well to note, with inherited tendencies. Salem was founded for a trading-post by a company of English merchants, whose agents selected it because of its commercial advantages. They began a trade with it at once, several cargoes of "staves, sarsaparilla, sumach, fish, and beaver skins," being exported as early as 1630. By 1643, while Plymouth still remained a primitive hamlet, her merchants had a flourishing trade with the West Indies, Barbadoes, and the Leeward Islands.

Previous to the Revolution the trade of Salem was chiefly with the colonies, the West Indies, and the principal European ports. The vessels had an estab-

lished routine, loading at Salem with fish, lumber, and provisions, clearing for some port in the West Indies, and thence running through the islands until they found a satisfactory market. In return they loaded with sugar, molasses, cotton, and rum, or ran across to the Carolinas for rice and naval stores. From this traffic assorted cargoes were made up for the European ports, and wine, salt, and manufactured products brought back in return. Colonial commerce was very hazardous, assaults of pirates, buccaneers, and French privateers being added to the risks of the sea. It was profitable, however. A writer of 1664 speaks of Salem's "rich merchants" and of her solid, many-gabled mansions.

The Revolution, of course, stopped all commerce; but with the return of peace in 1783 dawned the golden age of the port. In twenty-four years she had a fleet of 252 vessels in commission, and her merchants were in commercial relations with India, China, Batavia, the Isle of France, Mozambique, Russia, and all the nearer commercial countries.

The credit of opening India, China, and, indeed, the entire East to American commerce, is due to Elias H. Derby, a Salem merchant, born in the port in 1739. This gentleman possessed a courage and enterprise that no obstacles could daunt, and determined to enter the rich field then monopolized by the English and Dutch East India Companies. Accordingly in 1784 he despatched the ship *Grand Turk*, under Capt.

Jonathan Ingersoll, to the Cape of Good Hope on a mercantile reconnoissance, to discover the needs and capacity of the Eastern market. She returned in less than a year with the information sought, was quickly reloaded, and on the 28th of November, 1785, cleared for the Isle of France, with instructions to proceed thence to Canton, via Batavia. The ship was laden with native products — fish, flour, provisions, tobacco, spirits — and made a successful voyage, returning in June, 1787, with a cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens, the first vessel from New England, if not from America, to enter into competition with the incorporated companies of the Old World. Her success seems to have electrified the merchants of Salem, Boston, and New York, and an eager rivalry for the trade of the Orient ensued, with the result that when Mr. Derby's ship *Astria* entered Canton two years later she found fifteen American vessels there taking in cargo, four of them belonging to our merchant, however, who had not been slow in improving his advantages as pioneer. This was not the only pioneer work that he did. His bark *Light Horse* in 1784 first opened American trade with Russia. In 1788 his ship *Atlantic* first displayed the American flag at Surat, Calcutta, and Bombay. Another did the same in Siam; a third was the first to open trade with Mocha. In 1790, it is said, his vessels brought into Salem 728,871 pounds of tea, these ventures being among the first in the tea trade.

From this period until near the outbreak of the civil war, Salem had vast interests on the seas. A brief interval between 1807 and 1815 is to be noted, caused by the Embargo Act and war of 1812. The Canton trade, as we have seen, came first, quickly followed by India and East India ventures. By 1800 records of the customs show her ships trading with Manila, Mauritius, Surinam, the Gold Coast, Mocha, India, China, East and West Indies, Russia, the Mediterranean ports, France, England, Holland, Norway, Madeira, the South American ports, and the British provinces. The chief commodities from the East were cotton, tea, coffee, sugar, hides, spices, redwood and other dyestuffs, gums, silks, and nankeens; from Russia and Germany, iron, duck, and hemp; from France, Spain, and Madeira, wine and lead; from the West Indies, sugar, spirits, and negroes. The exports comprised lumber, provisions, tobacco, silver dollars, and New England rum, the Gold Coast affording the best market for the latter.

Several of the old merchants and captains who directed this vast commerce linger in the port, and the tourist who is an intelligent listener finds them ready to entertain him by the hour with tales and reminiscences of those stirring days. Of famous ships, notable voyages, adventurous skippers, and mighty merchants these reminiscences are full. The little ketch *Eliza*, for instance, left Salem December 22, 1794, ran out to

Calcutta, unloaded, took in cargo, and sailed proudly into the home port October 8, 1705, barely nine months absent. The *Active*, a sharp little brig, in 1812 brought a cargo of tea and cassia from Canton in 118 days. Her rival, the *Osprey*, beat her, making the same voyage in 117 days. The ship *China* left Salem for Canton May 24, 1817, and arrived back, with a cargo of tea, silks, and nankeens, March 30, 1818, barely ten months out. A famous vessel was the clipper ship *George*, of the Calcutta trade, built in 1814 for a privateer by an association of Salem ship-carpenters. The war ending before she was launched, Joseph Peabody, a leading Salem merchant of those days, added her to his India fleet. For twenty-three years this vessel made voyages between Salem and Calcutta with the regularity of a steamer. She left Salem for her first voyage May 23, 1815, and made the home port again June 13, 1816, 109 days from Calcutta. She left Salem on her last voyage August 5, 1836, and returned May 17, 1837, 111 days from Calcutta, the eighteen voyages performed between the first and last dates varying little in duration from the standard. One item of her imports during this period was 755,000 pounds of indigo. The ship *Margaret*, in the Batavia trade, has an equally interesting history. She cleared for Sumatra November 19, 1800, with twelve casks of Malaga wine, two hogsheads bacon, and \$50,000 in specie, stood out to sea November 25, arrived in Table Bay, Cape of Good Hope, Feb-

ruary 4, 1801, reached Sumatra April 10, and without stopping to trade proceeded to Batavia. Here her captain, Samuel Derby, found the Dutch East India Company desirous of chartering a vessel to take their annual freights to and from Japan, and engaged his vessel and crew for the service. He left on June 20, and arrived at Nagasaki July 19, being met in the open roadstead with a command to fire salutes and dress his vessel in bunting before entering the port. On once getting ashore, however, the captain and his supercargo were very hospitably entertained by the merchants of the place. They were feasted, the lady of the house was introduced and drank tea with them, and they were shown the temples and public places of the city. The *Margaret* got away in November, and reached Batavia after a month's passage. Her voyage was noteworthy, because she was the second American vessel to enter a Japanese port, a Boston vessel, the *Franklin*, commanded by a Salem captain, being the first. The whole trade of the country at this time was in the hands of the Dutch, who, to retain it, submitted to the most vexatious restrictions and to many indignities. Fifty-three years later Commodore Perry's expedition opened Japan to the world.

Among skippers Capt. Jonathan Carnes figures most largely in their reminiscences. In 1794 he was in Bencoolin, Sumatra, and chanced to learn that pepper grew wild in the northwestern part of the island. He

hastened home, and shared his secret with a wealthy merchant, Mr. Jonathan Peele, who at once ordered a sharp, trim schooner of 130 tons on the stocks. She was finished early in 1795, fitted with four guns, and a cargo of brandy, gin, iron, tobacco, and salmon. Captain Carnes with his ten seamen then went on board and stood away for Sumatra, having given out that his destination was Calcutta, and clearing for that port. Eighteen months passed away, and still Merchant Peele heard no tidings. At length one June day in 1797 his schooner came gliding into port, the ship-masters and merchants crowding about her as she was moored to see what she had brought home, her long disappearance and her owner's reticence having caused no little speculation in the port. By and by the hatches were opened, and there the cargo was found to be pepper in bulk, the first ever imported in that way. But as no known port delivered the article in that state, the rumor went round that the *Rajah* had discovered a pepper island where the condiment could be had for the asking, and in twenty-four hours half a score of shipping firms were fitting out swift cruisers to go in search of it. Ere they were out, Captain Carnes had sold his cargo at an advance of 700 per cent, and was away for another voyage, bringing off several ship-loads before his secret was discovered.

Elias H. Derby, the pioneer, was the chief of Salem merchants. Between 1785 and 1799 he fitted out 125

voyages in thirty-seven different vessels, most of them to unknown ports. His last voyage was in some respects his most brilliant one. Hostilities between France and the United States had just begun when he equipped a stanch vessel, the *Mount Vernon*, with twenty guns and fifty men, loaded her with sugar, and sent her to the Mediterranean. The cargo cost \$43,275. The vessel was attacked by the French cruisers on her voyage, but beat them off, made her port, exchanged her sugar for a cargo of silks and wines, and returned to Salem in safety, realizing her owners a net profit of \$100,000. Mr. Derby died in 1799, before his venture became a certainty, leaving an estate of more than a million dollars, said to have been the largest fortune that had been accumulated in this country up to that date.

William Gray, Joseph Peabody, John Bertram, William Orne, and George Crowninshield were worthy successors of Mr. Derby. Mr. Gray was a native of Lynn, and received his business training in the counting-room of Richard Derby. In 1807 he owned one fourth the tonnage of the port. Salem's chief hotel, the Essex House, was his former mansion. Political difficulties led to his removal to Boston in 1809. The next year he was elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and again in 1811. He died at Boston in 1825, having been as prosperous in commercial affairs there as in Salem.

Joseph Peabody was one of several merchants of Salem who passed from the quarter deck to the count-

ing-room. After serving on board a privateer he became a captain in the merchant marine of Salem, and as soon as he accumulated a little capital engaged actively in commerce. During his mercantile career he built eighty-three ships, which he employed in all cases in his own trade. These vessels made thirty-two voyages to Sumatra, thirty-eight to Calcutta, seventeen to Canton, forty-seven to St. Petersburg, and thirty to various other ports of Europe. He shipped seven thousand seamen at various times to man this fleet, and thirty-five of those who entered his service as cabin-boys he advanced to be masters. Some of his vessels in the China trade made remarkable voyages. The little brig *Leander*, for instance, of only 223 tons' burden, brought in a cargo from Canton in 1826 which paid duties to the amount of \$92,392.94. His ship *Sumatra*, of 287 tons, brought a cargo in 1829 that paid \$128,363.13; in 1830, one that paid \$138,480.34; and in 1831, a third requiring \$140,761.96. Mr. Peabody outlived most of the pioneer merchants of Salem, dying in 1874.

In 1870 the foreign entries of Salem had dwindled to ten, and in 1878 had entirely ceased, Boston, with her greater facilities for handling and distributing, having absorbed the business of her whilom rival. To-day the old port is almost deserted of shipping; even the fishing craft furl their sails at Gloucester. It is rarely that a dray rumbles over Derby Street.

CHAPTER IX

ANOTHER VIEW OF SALEM

THE quaint old Custom-house on Derby Street, looking down on Derby wharf, is the link connecting the commercial with the literary history of Salem. Here for three long years Hawthorne sat and dreamed and wrote, seeing in its officers and habitués prototypes of his most distinctive characters, and finally discovering in its rubbish room the suggestions for his most famous romance.

The building is a large, two-storied brick structure, surmounted by a cupola and eagle, not old — dating only from 1819 — but with an air of age. Entering the hall by a broad flight of several steps, on your right is a bulletin board filled with nautical notices, and on the left and right, further on, two doors, the first opening into the Deputy Collector's room, the second into the office where the customs business is transacted. One regards its railed periphery with more interest when one reflects that over eleven millions of dollars have passed over it into Uncle Sam's coffers, together with the clearances and invoices of some ten thousand vessels. We found the Custom-house attachés pleasant,

and disposed to facilitate our seeing everything of interest in the building. A gentleman in blue led us across the hall and into the room of the Deputy Collector, which, from 1846 to 1849, had been occupied by the great romancer. That officer kindly showed us the place where Hawthorne's desk and armchair had stood, and the stencil-plate with which he put his name on packages; then, opening his desk, he took out for our inspection a package of yellow documents, manifests, orders, and the like, with the author's autograph in red ink upon them. No other relics remain. The Custom-house was refurnished in 1873, and Hawthorne's desk was then removed to the Essex Institute, where it is still preserved. From this room our guide led us up-stairs and through the Collector's parlors to a little ante-chamber, which he said in Hawthorne's day was used for storing old papers and rubbish. It was in this room — the weird genius tells his readers — that he found the manuscript of the "Scarlet Letter." Our guide was very skeptical on this point. "I don't believe he did," said he; "I think he made it all up himself." But we forbore expressing an opinion. A little later we climbed alone to the cupola. It is a small room under the gilded eagle, commanding a charming view of Salem, the shipping, and the sea beyond. Hither the author loved to climb and coin the airy fancies that later found expression in the "Scarlet Letter" and the "House of the Seven Gables."

There are many well-preserved old men in the town who remember Hawthorne as Surveyor of the Port. One — a portly, comfortable-looking old gentleman, who, when the author was filling his sinecure position in the Custom-house, was fitting with rigging and sails the numerous craft turned out of Salem ship-yards — now rich and retired, had nothing better to do than to accompany me up the street and point out two ancient buildings quite intimately connected with our author's history. "The Hawthornes are an old family in Salem," he remarked, as we began our walk, "and well thought of. Major William Hawthorne, who came with Governor Winthrop in the *Arabella*, founded the stock, and there have been notable and thrifty men among them ever since. This is No. 21 Union Street, a quaint old structure, with huge chimney and dormer roof, as you see. Well, in the upper northeast corner room, there, Nathaniel Hawthorne was born. It was an auspicious day — July 4, 1804. There he lived until 1808, when his father died, and he, with his mother, went to live with his maternal grandfather, Richard Manning, on Herbert Street. It was not a far remove, for, as you see, the back yards of the two houses join each other. Most of his early years in Salem were spent in the latter. When he came back here from Concord in 1840 he went to live in his father's house on Union Street, where much of his literary work of that period was done. You may

remember an allusion of his to this old house — I think in one of his Note-books: ‘Here I sit,’ he wrote, ‘in my old accustomed chamber where I used to sit in days gone by. Here I have written many tales. If ever I have a biographer, he ought to make mention of this chamber, in my memoirs, because here my mind and character were formed, and here I sat a long, long time waiting patiently for the world to know me, and sometimes wondering why it did not know me sooner, or whether it would ever know me at all — at least until I was in my grave.’”

There are other houses in town of interest from their association with great men. William H. Prescott was born in 1796, in a house that stood on the present site of Plummer Hall. The old mansion in which Mr. Joshua Ward entertained President Washington on his visit to Salem in 1789 was pointed out on Washington Street. The birthplace of Timothy Pickering was an old mansion on Broad Street, and that of Nathaniel Bowditch on Brown Street. Story and Rogers, the sculptors, were also natives here.

CHAPTER X

MARBLEHEAD SCENES, 1885

A MORE uninviting spot for a town site than Marblehead presents was never discovered. The granite crags and backbones that make up the surface of Cape Ann are here at their sharpest and boldest. A bare summit of rock, a sunny green hollow between, was the scene looked on by the little body of fishermen who laid the foundation of Marblehead. The harbor, a deep, sheltered cove extending two miles into the rocky heart of the cape, was the great attraction to these men, whose houses were built along the water front. The steam cars land you in the modern quarter; to get over to old Marblehead it is necessary to walk or ride a fraction of a mile to the water-side. Here are deserted, barnacled old wharves, to which only an occasional collier or lumber schooner "ties up," dim, empty storehouses, retaining a faint, ghostly smell of cod and mackerel, and no end of narrow, winding streets and alleys, lined some with quaint little box-like houses, others with large, once stately dwellings.

Follow State Street east till it terminates in a waste of boulders and ledges, and you have on the right, at

the extreme point of land guarding the entrance to the harbor, an old fort, but never a sentry to challenge your coming, nor gun to dispute your passage. This is Fort Sewall, named after the Hon. Judge Sewall, built in colonial times for defence against the French and Spanish privateers, that were often seen hovering off the coast. I have never looked on a wilder scene, one more suggestive of wreck and death, than these rocks at the entrance of Marblehead harbor — sharp, jagged, serrated masses, they resemble the teeth of some huge monster widespread to crunch the bones of anything which should enter. Terrible indeed must be the scene when an easterly gale sends the surges of the Atlantic booming in here unrestrained. What a roar, what gnashing, what floods of milk-white foam and uplifted spray when the two forces meet!

One should defer first impressions of the town until, passing down Pond Street, he has stood in the old burying-ground, the first in Marblehead. It lies scattered amid the crags on high ground near the sea, abreast of the old fort, but overlooking it. The town, the harbor, Marblehead Neck with its summer cottages, the blue sea with its islands, lie outstretched before one. The dead in this old churchyard lie about in the hollows wherever sufficient depth of soil for interment could be found. Some of the tombstones are very old and bear quaint inscriptions. One on the south side reads, "Here lyes ye body of Mary wife to Christopher Lati-

mer aged 49 years deceased ye 8th of May 1681." Her husband has a stone near by dated 1690. Over the hill is another stone with a notable inscription: "Here lies ye body of Mrs. Miriam Grose who deceased in the eighty first year of her age and left 180 children grand-children, and great grand-children." What more honorable epitaph could a matron desire? Near by lies Elizabeth Holyoke, "wife to the Rev. Mr. Edward Holyoke born Feb. ye 4th 1691, was married August ye 18th 1717, and died August ye 15th 1719 leaving an infant daughter of eleven weeks' old." Mr. Holyoke was one of the early presidents of Harvard. A cluster of five brown tombstones in a hollow near the crest of the hill calls attention to the place of sepulture of four early pastors of "the First Church" in Marblehead, and the wife of one. The first pastor was the Rev. Samuel Cheever, who died May 29, 1724. Next him sleeps his colleague and successor, the Rev. John Barnard; his wife, Anna, rests beside her husband; next her stone is that of the Rev. William Whitwell, who died in 1781; and the fifth commemorates the Rev. Salem Hubbard, whose death occurred in 1808. Two of the graves have Latin inscriptions on the headstones. A group of brown-stone tables near by marks the graves of the Story family, the Rev. Isaac Story, an uncle of the famous jurist, being one of those commemorated.

Seats are placed at intervals on this outlook ground,

and should the reader be so fortunate as to visit the churchyard on a Sunday, he may find the bench on the crest of the hill occupied by sundry rugged skippers of the famous old Marblehead fishing fleet. They love to gather there of a Sunday morning or evening, look out on the sea and down on the roofs of the town, mingle reminiscences, and mildly criticise the ruling powers.

Coming upon them on a bright afternoon, we found these worthy citizens most communicative, and a few questions served to elicit some very delightful reminiscences. They heartily agreed in our commendation of the outlook. "You see the farthest island yonder with the two lighthouses on it," said one; "that's Baker's Island, a skipper's landmark for the port when returning from the Banks. That little islet this side is Half-Way Rock, half-way between Boston Light and Cape Ann. Right in the path of shipping, and never a vessel struck on it yet. Lowell's Island comes next, with the big summer hotel on it, built by a Salem man; it didn't pay, though; people wanted to be where they could step ashore now and then; 'twould 'a' burned down long ago if there'd been insurance on it. The old fort on the P'int there — Fort Sewall — is a relic, built in colony times and named after Judge Sewall. There is a nice little story too connected with it. A few years before the Revolution one Sir Charles Franklin was sent here to repair it, and stopped at the Fountain Inn, whose roof you can see down yonder under

the trees. There was a maid servant there — Agnes Surrage — very pretty. Sir Charles was heard to say she was the prettiest woman he had ever seen. He found her one day barefooted scrubbing the stairs, and asked her why she didn't wear shoes. 'If you please, sir,' said Agnes, droppin' a courtesy, 'I'm savin' 'em for meetin'.' Whereupon Sir Charles declared she should wear shoes every day, sent her to school, educated her, and many years later in Lisbon, after his wife had died, married her. The gossips said the great earthquake frightened him into it.

"All through the war of the Revolution the fort defended the town. In Februray, 1814, there was great commotion within its walls. The drums beat to arms, and all the people flocked to the hill to learn the cause of the disturbance. Several British cruisers were off the coast in those days, and they now saw two of them chasing one of our vessels, the gallant old *Constitution*, as it turned out. She ran far enough to get a good position, and then turned and thrashed the Britishers handsomely — took 'em both into Boston, the frigate *Cyane* of thirty-four guns and the sloop of war *Levant* of twenty-one guns. It is really too bad for Government to let the old fort go to ruin. There ain't a bit of a garrison, you see, only a custodian, who lives 'way over there, and takes a walk through the old fort may be once a week to see that 'taint carried off piecemeal by visitors."

We asked about the Story tombs and the family of the Chief Justice.

“Oh, yes; he was a Marblehead boy,” they replied. “His father, Dr. Elisha Story, practised here all his life, married a Marblehead girl, and is buried in the Green Street yard. The Chief Justice was born here, schooled here under Master John Bond, and went from here to Cambridge. His uncle, Isaac Story, who lies yonder, was pastor of the Congregational Church in Marblehead for many years.”

CHAPTER XI

QUAINT OLD BARNSTABLE

BARNSTABLE is one of the quaintest, staidest, and most interesting of Cape villages. Unlike the towns nearer the point, there is a green rural landscape inland, while the marine view is the finest on the coast. To get a view of the latter, one must follow the main street a mile and a half to the harbor-mouth and the sweep of sand dunes which wall it in and add greatly to the impressiveness of the scene. This main street is of itself a feature. It is broad, elm-shaded, lined with old, mossy, long-roofed dwellings, and smart new cottages and villas in equal proportions. Beginning at the railway station on the bluff, it winds down into the valley and around the head of a cove jutting in from the harbor, then up Training Hill, passing on the crest an ancient church, blankly white, with graves in the rear, of such families as the Otises, Thatchers, Hinckleys, and others, and continues on, lined with fine old country-seats, to its terminus at "the Point." About midway stands the village tavern, under a group of mighty elms, old, rambling, and mossy, serving to remind the traveler how cheerless and uncomfortable

the inn of colonial times could be. I have no doubt that Dr. Dwight, in his famous pilgrimage over the Cape in 1800, as recorded in vol. iii. of his "Travels," stopped at this tavern.

A road leaves the main street at the foot of Training Hill under the church, and follows the trend of the cove beside slowly decaying docks to the harbor-mouth, the broad expanse of salt meadow, and the wide sweep of dunes. From this bluff the eye roves delightedly over the scene. Beside us is the harbor — open water — one mile wide and four miles long. Thrust out from Sandwich, which joins Barnstable on the west, is Sandy Neck, a long tongue of sand one and one-half miles wide and seven miles long, crooked landward like a bent forefinger. On the outside of this finger lies the cold steel-blue sea; within is the harbor, and perhaps the greatest body of salt meadow on the Atlantic Coast. Eight thousand tons of hay are cut upon it annually by the fortunate owners. The sand on the neck has been tossed by the wind into dunes of every fantastic and grotesque shape — round, truncated, sugar-loaf, turreted, serrated — here one with its top sheared clean off, another half disemboweled; fortunate for all is it that they are covered with beach-grass whose tough, fibrous roots securely anchor them; otherwise the first winter gale would lift them bodily and sift them over the marshes. The sun shines on the dunes from the east, and their white sides sparkle like diamonds, in

striking contrast to the dark blue of the sea. The vast stretch of marshes affords a stranger sight. They are dotted with myriads of poles forming the frames of hay-ricks, which cover them by hundreds.

Beyond the marshes over the Neck we can almost see the salt meadows, where the huge dredges of the Cape Cod Canal and Navigation Company are cutting the channel of another national highway. It is five miles south, across the Cape to Vineyard Sound; it is twenty-eight miles by water to Provincetown at the extreme tip of the tongue, and fifty by land — which illustrates admirably the extreme curvature of the Cape. The ocean is quiet to-day. The surf only moans and sighs, with varying rhythm. In a northwest blizzard it is different; but perhaps before concluding we shall be able to give the reader an idea of what a “nor’wester” on the Cape Cod Coast is like.

We have passed many pleasant evenings this summer in the society of a gentleman of the village, a veteran editor and politician, who lives in a large, square-roofed house, filled from cellar to attic with quaint furniture and mementoes of the past. In 1814, when the Barnstable sloop *Independence* was captured by the British frigate *Nymph*, our friend, then a lad of six years, was on board, and distinctly remembers his father’s lifting him upon the taffrail of the frigate to see the sloop burn. Few public events have happened since that the Major is not

familiar with, and his fund of anecdote and repartee is inexhaustible.

One day, looking through his collection of rarities, we came upon the account of the centennial anniversary in 1839 of the settlement of Barnstable, containing letters and speeches from John Quincy Adams, Harrison Gray Otis, Dr. James Thatcher, the annalist of the Revolution, and other eminent men, natives of, or associated with, the town. "We are especially proud of that centennial," said Major P., "because at that time we first introduced and successfully established the custom of inviting ladies to be present on such occasions. When the matter was first proposed, Mr. William Sturgis, of Boston, a native of Barnstable, refused to engage in it unless ladies should be invited. The idea was well received, and the fair sex was well represented. Chief-Justice Shaw was a native of Barnstable, and he and his wife were present. Mrs. Shaw's name was Hope, and I remember the toast most widely cheered was this: 'There is *Hope* in the Judiciary.' After that it became the custom to invite ladies to such celebrations. Shortly after, the opening of the Cunard Line was celebrated in Boston, to which ladies were asked, and a friend said to me: 'You see how quickly we follow Barnstable's example.'"

Old books, old letters, old diaries, old sermons were here in profusion; the latter were exceedingly interesting, as showing how boldly and effectively Puritan clergy-

men attacked the sins and follies of the day. A sermon by the Rev. George Weekes of Harwich, preached about 1760, on the sin of wearing periwigs, contains this ingenious argument: "Adam, so long as he continued in innocency, did wear his own hair and not a periwig. Indeed, I do not see how it was possible that Adam should dislike his own hair and therefore cut it, that so he might wear a periwig and yet have continued innocent."

But for an oddity in sermonizing, commend us to a sermon preached in Yarmouth, of which the title-page is: "Ebenezer, or a Faithful and Exact Account of God's Great Goodness to Mr. Ebenezer Taylor of Yarmouth, on Cape Cod, who, on the 6th day of August, 1726, was buried alive about twelve feet deep under stones and earth in his own well, where he lay for the space of eleven hours, and was afterwards taken up without any considerable hurt; with a suitable Improvement of such a Miraculous Deliverance." The discourse was delivered at the meeting-house before a large congregation, and at a certain stage Ebenezer Taylor, his wife, and children, were called up before the people and addressed in turn. Here are the heads of the discourse: "Introduction. Chapter I., Narrative; Chapter II., Remarks upon some passages in the narrative; Chapter III., General improvement of the narrative. Reflection, inference; Chapter IV., A particular address: I., To Ebenezer Taylor; II., To

his wife; III., To his children." It would seem to have been sufficient discipline for Ebenezer to have been buried for eleven hours in his own or any one else's well, without being called before the public congregation and having the occasion "improved" to him, and his wife, and children, but they did things differently in those days.

Our old friend and his relics are not our only means of entertainment, however. There is the tavern, and there is the circle about the landlord's fire. In 1639 one Thomas Lumbert was licensed "to keep victualing or an ordinary for the entertainment of strangers, and to draw wine in Barnstable," and I think this hotel was the one then built. Certainly it is old enough for it. The landlord — at least the only one I have been able to find — is a valetudinarian who clings to the fire in the rusty office stove, and tells tales feebly yet garrulously of events of seventy years ago. He has plenty of company through the summer evenings in other veterans, sea-captains and mariners, of the days when Barnstable had her great fishing fleet and coasting trade, and was one of the busiest ports of the Commonwealth. Of storms and shipwrecks, derelicts, flotsam and jetsam, big catches, sea-serpents, ice-floes, and boreal experiences, their reminiscences are full. They are happiest in nights of storm. I remember one such night, when a nor'easter howled down the chimney and rattled the ancient casements. The stove glowed

dull red; the long settee was piled with horse-blankets, cape-coats, sou'westers, and other impedimenta of the visitors. A kerosene lamp, swung over all, shone dimly, half obscured by tobacco smoke; and the drip from the faucet of the tank labeled "Ice-Water" into the wooden pail placed below was equaled in monotony by the steady tick of the great eight-day clock in the corner. The four wooden armchairs were occupied by the landlord, two ancient mariners, and the visitor "from York," while the audience balanced themselves on the edge of the table or nestled amid the miscellaneous mass on the settee.

The story-tellers naturally fell upon the subject of Cape gales, and after certain prodigious feats of wind and wave had been narrated, a lean old salt, hitherto silent, broke in with: "But a nor'easter ain't a sarcumstance to a nor'wester — not one that means bizness. A nor'wester, you see, comes without warnin'; it pounces on ye, and it's so cold ye'd think it ud cl'ared the space betwixt this an' the North Pole at a leap. D'yer mind the blizzard of 1826, Cap'n, wust ever known on the Cape, an' the wreck of the *Almira*? No? You was a boy then. Wal, 'twas the 16th of January, 'bout noon. I was standin' on the bluff 'tother side of Sandy Neck, lookin' down on Sandwich harbor. It ud be'n dirty weather fer days — wind east, then south, snow fust an' then rain, an' a fleet of coasters was huddled together in the harbor waitin' fair weather. That mornin'

the weather was warm an' clearin'. Clouds scurried along from the south, high in air, an' bits o' blue shone through the rifts. Wal, I stood on the hill, an' not a furlong off was old Cephas Hinckley, the saltiest skipper of that day. I called to him, but he didn't answer — his eyes was closely follerin' the motions of a little schooner, the *Almira*, wood-laden, belongin' in Sandwich, whose skipper had be'n waitin' some days for a chance to git to sea an' steer for Boston. The little craft went along under the light breeze, an' as she cleared the p'int, clapped on all sail an' stood to nor'ard, Captain Hinckley raised his arms to heaven. 'Gone out,' sez he solemnly; 'he'll never cum in ag'in.' 'An' why not, Cap'n?' sez I at his elbow. 'Why, man alive, sez he, 'can't you see a terrible norther is brewin'? He'll be triced up in ice afore the first watch turns in, an' a boomin' gale on a lee shore tew.' Notwithstandin', the little *Almira* kept on with her crew of three — Josiah Ellis, master, his son Josiah, an' John Smith, seaman — cleared Manomet P'int, an' with Plymouth light for a beacon worked slowly across the outer bay. Up in the nor'west, half up from the sea line, an' widenin' every second, was a belt of cold, clear, steel-blue sky; same time the clouds that hed be'n hurryin' north all day turned tail an' went scuddin' into the sou'east. In five minutes the storm struck 'em, nigh throwin' the *Almira* on her beam-ends. Cold? You've no idea of it except you've be'n thar. Every bit of mois-

ture that wind touched froze; icicles hung from the men's beards. The spray flew high over the catheads, an' in twenty minutes men, decks, spars, shrouds, an' sails was a mass of glitterin', creakin', crackin' ice. They tried bearin' up for Plymouth harbor, but it lay in the eye o' the wind. They tacked once, twice, then the main boom was tore from the mast, the halyards giv' way, an' down cum the icy mains'l with a crashin' and splinterin'. To furl it was impossible. They let it lie, an' laid the vessel's course to the wind, braced the fores'l fore an' aft, not bein' able to haul it down, loosed the jib, an' let her drive. The wind howled an' fought the fores'l, cracked its coverin' of ice, an' tore it in shreds; but the jib held, an' give her leeway; so, towards mornin', they rounded Manomet P'int, an' cum round into Barnstable Bay ag'in only eight miles from wher' they started.

"At daybreak they passed their house, an' saw the smoke curlin' from their own chimneys; jist then, bein' mos' frozen, they lashed the helm an' went intew the little cabin, hopin' to light a fire. The jib, their last sail, soon hung in tatters from the mast, an' the vessel, broadside to the blast, drifted on, past Sandwich, Barnstable, Yarmouth, makin' as straight as though piloted for that long reef of rock that makes out from Dennis, with a smooth beach on its western side an' a cove on the east. By good luck a seaman livin' near the reef saw the *Almira* comin' an' summoned help. A great

crowd gathered on the shore end of the reef — sailors an' fishermen, all used tew the sea. On she dru'v, no one, to appearance, on board. At last the crowd give a mighty shout, an' the three men in the cabin staggered on deck. 'Up with your helm,' shouted the seamen. 'Make sail, an' round the rocks.' It was onpossible. The hulk was lifted like a dead thing by a mighty wave an' flung broadside on the rocks with a crash. Still she hung together, an' the crew huddled on the quarter abaft the binnacle, which was not swept by the waves. The seamen tried to launch a boat through the surf, which was heavy with 'sludge,' but it filled an' was drawn back with the wash. Captain Ellis now went for'ard an' sot down on the win'lass, bein' overcome with the drowsiness of death. 'Rise up, rise up, an' stir yourself,' the men shouted. 'We'll save ye yet!' Not one but knew what the Captain's drowsiness meant. But Ellis was already benumbed, an' was soon devoured by the sea. Smith soon followed the Captain's example, an' was swept away. Meantime the boat was launched, but when it got to the wreck the tide had fallen so low that they couldn't reach the ship, which was popped up on the reef, an' they had to wait for the rise. That cum' about four o'clock, an' the men scrambled on board an' took off Josiah, the Cap's son, though his hands was frozen to the tiller-ropes, an' he didn't know anything. He got well, but he lost both hands an' his feet."

CHAPTER XII

NANTUCKET STORIES

THERE is here and there in Nantucket a mansion that impresses one as being of the patrician order. The one we have in mind stands on the corner of a principal street, with well-kept lawns and gardens in the rear, a house that has entertained General Grant and President Arthur, with many men distinguished in other walks of life. Its owner is a retired merchant,¹ one of those who forty years ago made this isolated isle known and respected to the remotest corners of the earth. He began his business career in 1832, as ship-builder, and sent out many craft that were the pride of the seas. In 1839, as our Consul at New Zealand, he threw to the breeze the first American flag ever hoisted there. When the gold fever broke out in 1849 he sent his ship around the Horn to San Francisco, and himself performed the journey overland, enduring all the hardships incident to the way. He owned the first tea ship that entered the port of Foochow after it was opened to commerce in 1854. One of his last ventures, of which a pleasant chapter might be made, was his

¹ The late F. C. Sanford.

journey to London and then to Paris in 1855, where he chartered to the French Government the ship *Great Republic*, then the largest vessel in the world, to be used as a transport in the Crimean war. The ship took at one voyage 3,300 horses, with officers and artillery, and earned \$184,000 for her owners in fourteen months.

The reminiscences of such a man can but be of the greatest interest.

"I dare say you never knew that the history of this Island is linked with that of the famous tea party in Boston Harbor," he remarked one evening as we drew our chairs before a fire of glowing red coal in his library. "It was in this way. In the June of 1773 William Rotch had two stanch vessels — the *Beaver* and *Dartmouth*, old whalers — lying idle at his docks, and one day, closeted in his counting-room, he chartered them to a stranger from Boston to proceed to England for a cargo of the East India Company's tea. That company had just been granted a monopoly of the tea trade of the colonies, and having decided on sending consignments to the four principal colonial ports, needed quite a fleet for the purpose. Perhaps, too, they thought the tea would be received with better grace coming in American bottoms. At least an agent of the Boston consignees was despatched to Mr. Rotch at Nantucket. Naturally, he was glad to charter to so powerful a corporation, and the *Beaver* and *Dartmouth* were speedily

got ready for sea. The story-tellers make a point here that the commander of the *Beaver* on this voyage was Nathan Coffin, the famous whaling captain of Nantucket, whom Bancroft afterward cited as an example of the indomitable spirit of the patriots of '76. Coffin, they say, at the opening of the war was homeward bound from a whaling cruise, and was taken by one of His Majesty's cruisers, whose captain offered him liberty on condition that he served his King. "Hang me to your yardarm if you will," replied the intrepid tar, "but don't ask me to become a traitor to my country."

The name of William Rotch often occurs in the Island's Records. He was a leading merchant on the island for some years before the Revolution. During the war, like most of the islanders, he remained neutral, with the result of being plundered by both parties. After the war, commerce being prostrate in America, he sought the British court and petitioned the King to offer a bounty on whale oil, that the business might be prosecuted from English ports. "And what will you give me for the privilege?" "I will give Your Majesty the young men of my native island." The merchant, however, found little sympathy with his project in England, and proceeded to France, where he met with better success. Louis XVI. granted him a subsidy, and he established himself at Dunkirk, where he prosecuted the business with considerable

success, sending the first whaler into the Pacific that ever ventured those waters; and as most of the officers and men who manned his ships were of Nantucket, he literally fulfilled his promise of giving his patron the young men of his native island. Mr. Rotch spent the last years of his life at New Bedford, and aided largely in building up the important whaling interests of that port.

The Nantucket whale fishery had, as has been shown, a small beginning. Her sailors were among the first to venture into the icy waters of Baffin's Bay and Davis Straits. In 1745 a vessel was loaded with oil by Nantucket merchants and sent direct to England. Several years before the Revolution her hardy seamen had ventured into the South Atlantic. In 1775 the port had a fleet of 150 vessels, manned by 2,025 seamen, which brought to her warehouses 30,000 barrels of sperm and 4,000 barrels of whale oil annually. During the Revolution few vessels were sent to the cruising grounds, and for a whole generation succeeding there was little revival of the old spirit of enterprise. In 1818, however, without any special predisposing cause, the business all at once assumed its old vigor. In 1821 this little island, with a population of barely 7,000, had seventy-two whale ships in commission, aggregating 22,000 tons burden, besides quite a fleet of brigs, schooners, and sloops. In 1842 the business culminated, eighty-six ships and two brigs and schooners then

forming its whaling marine. It is to this period that most of the tales told in the captain's room relate. Half a score of ice-battered, oil-blackened old hulks unloading on its piers at once was no uncommon sight in those days. As many more would be taking in stores. In eight long candle factories the snow-white spermaceti was fashioned. Eight hundred coopers, blacksmiths, riggers, and stevedores went down to the docks every morning. When a vessel out at sea making the harbor was sighted there was commotion in the little port. In the rear of the post-office was a tall flagstaff, on which a blue flag, bearing the word "Ship," in large letters, was displayed. Owners, captains, seamen, women, and children — every one who had a venture on the deep — then gathered to speculate as to which of the port's eighty-two vessels the incoming ship might be, the extent and value of her catch, and whether her crew was as complete and sound in limb as when she left the harbor. Meantime the "camels" were steaming out to the harbor bar. This contrivance was in reality a floating dry-dock, used for lifting vessels over the bar, at the entrance of the harbor. It was moved by steam, and, when signaled, proceeded to the bar, was sunk, the vessel was towed within, and the water being pumped from the camel, the latter rose with the ship in its embrace, and propelled itself and its burden over the bar.

CHAPTER XIII

NANTUCKET'S FIRST TEA-PARTY

ONE autumn day my friend invited me to drive across the island to Maddequet, a fishing hamlet on the East Coast. The drive was a pleasant one in itself — among farms, over wide heaths gay with golden-rod and the scarlet berries of the meal plum vine, then along the romantic shores of Long Pond, and finally to the head of the little harbor on which stands Maddequet. The interest of the drive to us was greatly enhanced by the recollections of our friend. Every mossy farmhouse and quaint old country-seat along the way recalled reminiscences, all tending to establish the ethnological importance of the island. In truth, considering its position, Nantucket has been wonderfully prolific of great men and women. Among the first families on the island were the Macys. The Folgers are another noteworthy race. The only child of "Peter Ffoulger," born after his removal from Martha's Vineyard to Nantucket, was Abiah, who in her young maidenhood removed to Boston and married Josiah Franklin, the tallow chandler. Her fifteenth child by this marriage was Benjamin Franklin, the

philosopher. The mother in talent and worth is said to have been every way worthy of her illustrious son. Another member of this family was Charles J. Folger, former Secretary of the Treasury, who was born in Nantucket, in a house which stood on the site of the present Sherburne House, on Orange Street. The Coffins, famous in naval annals, are a numerous family on the island. Lucretia Mott was born at Nantucket in 1793. Phoebe A. Hanaford is a native of Siasconset, Gen. George N. Macy, of the late war; the Rev. Dr. F. C. Ewer, of New York; the Mitchells, mathematicians and astronomers, and scores of other men and women who have gained honorable positions in the professions.

Maddequet contains little of interest to the average tourist. There are fishing boats drawn up on the beach, nets drying in the sun, bronzed and bearded fishermen lounging about, whose talk is of the blue-fish, scup, eels, herring, lobsters, and clams which form the objects of their daily pursuit. It was the first point of settlement, Thomas Macy spending the winter of 1659 here, and for a century it continued to be the residence of some of the best families of the island. Of these were the Starbucks, who lived in a fine old country house a little outside of the village, in which, in 1745, pretty Ruth Wentworth and a certain Captain Morris, of Boston, owner of a China tea ship, made the first cup of tea ever brewed in Nantucket.

“The Starbucks have figured largely in our annals as merchants, ship owners, and sea captains,” said my friend. They were Friends in religious belief. At the time of which I speak the family consisted of Grandpa and Grandma Starbuck, Nathaniel, their son, his wife Content, their son Nathaniel, Jr., absent on a voyage to China, Esther, a maiden sister, and Ruth Wentworth, a niece, whose parents had emigrated to Vermont a year before, leaving her in charge of her uncle and aunt Starbuck. Ruth Wentworth was a charming maiden of eighteen, petite in form, with deep-blue eyes and golden hair, attractions to which her Quaker simplicity and modesty gave additional charm. One day in December the household was thrown into confusion by a letter from the sailor son, dated at Boston, saying that his ship was in port, and that he should be home in time to see the New Year in. He added that he had sent his sea chest — containing a box of tea for his mother and some trinkets for Ruth — by the vessel which bore his letter, and that he should bring as his guest a dear friend, Captain Morris, of Boston, owner of the vessel in which he had sailed. The chest came presently, and as appears from time-stained letters still retained in the Starbuck family, created quite an excitement in the hamlet. It was the first tea ever known on the island. Rumors of a fragrant herb which had been introduced into Boston and had met with great favor there were rife, but no

one had seen the curiosity, and all the neighbors gathered in the great Starbuck kitchen to see the box opened, and taste and smell of its contents. The guests were expected on the last day of the year, and it was decided to have a New Year's tea-party, and at the same time watch the Old Year out and the New Year in — a custom still observed in many country districts. Aunt Content and grandma, Aunt Esther and little Ruth were all busy. The pantry shelves fairly groaned with the load of goodies cooked for the occasion; the great parlor, which had not been used since Aunt Mehitabel's wedding, was opened; the floor newly waxed and polished, and spread with beautiful mats and rugs, found in Cousin Nathaniel's chest. Jude, the slave girl, rubbed the fender and great and-irons of the fireplace until they shone, while Ruth looped back the chintz curtains, placed a bouquet of autumn leaves and scarlet berries on the mantel, disposed the stiff wooden chairs a little less primly, and arranged the rugs and mats where their colors blended harmoniously, stopping at intervals with her head on one side and her hands in the pockets of her house-keeper's apron to view the general effect. Aunt Esther did not look with favor on these proceedings. 'Sho', child,' she admonished, 'I fear thee is too much taken with these vanities; the bright things of this world are of short duration'; but grandma interposed with her voice of authority, and said it was natural and right for

the young to admire beauty. At length the day came. Uncle Edward Starbuck and his family, and Lieutenant Macy's family, were invited to meet the distinguished guest. Ruth dressed early to receive the visitors. I have seen a letter in which she described her costume, a new blue gown, with lace in the neck that grandma had given her, her mother's gold necklace, and her golden curls tied back with a blue ribbon that grandma had bought in London. Coming into the kitchen from her toilet, she found Aunt Content, Aunt Edward Starbuck, and Mrs. Lieutenant Macy, all at their wits' end over the problem, how to cook and serve the tea. Mrs. Lieutenant Macy said she had heard it ought to be well cooked to be palatable, and Aunt Starbuck observed that a lady in Boston who had drunk tea said it needed a good quantity for steeping, which was the reason it was so expensive. The result was that Aunt Content hung the bright five-gallon bell-metal teapot on the crane, put in a two-quart bowlful of tea with plenty of water, and left Aunt Esther and Lydia Ann Macy to watch and see that it boiled. Presently Ruth, who happened into the hall, heard Lydia say: 'I have heard that when tea is drunk it gives a brilliancy to the eyes and youthful freshness to the complexion. I am fearful thy sister-in-law failed to put in a sufficient quantity of leaves'; so Aunt Esther added another bowlful. When the tea had boiled an hour Cousin Nathaniel and his friend the captain

came. The captain was tall and lithe, with dark hair and tawny beard, and Ruth thought she had never seen a man so noble-looking. Meantime the tea had been boiled down until only a gallon remained in the kettle, when it was poured into grandma's large silver tankard and placed on the table; a silver porringer, with cream and lumps of sugar, was placed beside each guest's plate. When dinner was announced, the captain took out Miss Ruth, much to the annoyance of Aunt Esther, who subsequently gave her niece a private lecture on the impropriety of young girls putting themselves forward. After the blessing Mrs. Content said, hesitatingly: 'I have brewed a dish of tea, but am fearful I have not prepared it as it hath need, and would ask your opinion.' Cousin Nathaniel sniffed and sipped, and then answered: 'As my mother desires my opinion I must needs say that a spoonful of this beverage which she has prepared for us with such hospitable intent would nearly kill any one of us.' Captain Morris remarked that his hostess would keep the decoction for dyeing her woollens, and said he would show her how to make tea. 'And this young lady,' he added, turning to Ruth, 'shall brew the first dish of the beverage ever made in Nantucket.'

"Dinner over, the captain and Ruth went out into the great kitchen to make the tea. He took Uncle Nat's large gray stone pitcher and put into it as much tea as he could hold between thumb and finger for each guest,

and an additional pinch for the pitcher, poured on boiling water sufficient for all; then Ruth raked out the coals in the wide fireplace and it was set on them until it came to a gentle boil. When the tea had boiled, it was poured into the tankard and served to the guests in silver porringers, with cream and sugar. All pronounced it delicious, and to Ruth it seemed like nectar. But the tea-party had its sequel, and that was the marriage a few weeks later of the captain and Ruth Wentworth. I mention the matter because the story is only half told without it."

CHAPTER XIV

SHIPS AND SAILORS OF NANTUCKET

ONE stormy autumn evening as we drew our chairs to the fire our friend became particularly animated in his descriptions. "I was born in 1809," he observed. "The brightest days of Nantucket within my recollection were between the years 1820 and 1845. The busiest *one* day that I remember was in November, 1827, when seventy-two vessels passed Brant Point Light, outward bound, some to the Pacific on a three-years' whaling voyage, some to the coast of Chili for seals, thence to China for teas, others oil-laden to London, to Havre, to the Hague, and to almost every port on the Atlantic coast and West Indies. You who see the port in its decadence can have little idea of the scene of activity it then presented. A thousand workmen hurried down to the docks of a morning. The sound of hammer and adze began at sunrise, and ceased only at sunset. The multitudinous din of the docks continued often the night through. I love to stand now on the wharves where the huge, oil-blackened hulls of the whalers once swung, and recall the scene. Heavy timbered three-storied warehouses filled the

heads of the wharves, beside which half a hundred vessels would lie, discharging or taking in cargo. Overhead were the sail-lofts, with the riggers and sailmakers busy sewing the white canvas or shaping spars. Then there were the blacksmiths' shops, where the ironwork for the ships and the tools used in fishing were made; and the coopers' shops, that turned out their hundreds of butts and casks per day, and the huge rope-walks, seven in number, where men spun, walking to and fro, all the cordage used in ship-building and for repairs. It was indeed a busy scene.

"We built our own ships, too, in those times. Brant Point was lined with ship-yards, and there were ship-ways, where we took up ships for repairs. Some famous vessels we turned out — stout, oak-bowed whalers, clipper ships, and fleet schooners that would run down to Havana and be back with a cargo of fruit in less than no time. There was the *Rose*, built in 1803, one of the fastest sailers afloat. Coming down the China Sea in one of her voyages (in charge of the mate, the captain having died in China), she was taken by a British frigate and carried to Mauritius, and afterwards used by John Bull for a despatch boat, or in any capacity where speed was a requisite. Then came the *Charles Carroll*, built by myself and partners, and our ship *Lexington*, in 1836. Next the *Nantucket*, built by H. G. O. Dunham, of live oak and copper-fastened

— a crack ship, as was the *Joseph Starbuck*, turned out of our yards in 1838.

“The *Bedford*, however, was Nantucket’s bravest ship. I have the last receipt for her cabin work, given William Rotch in 1772. She made several voyages and then went out of commission, laid up by the war of the Revolution. Seven years she lay with her bowsprit up in what is now J. B. Macy’s store. By and by, in 1782, the Ship *Maria*, Captain Mooers, just off the stocks at Scituate, came in to refit. As she did so, Mr. Rotch got news from London that the preliminary articles of peace would soon be signed, and at the same time learned that a cargo of oil delivered in London at that time would ‘make a strike.’ The *Maria* wasn’t ready, so he hauled down the *Bedford*, loaded her, put Captain Mooers in command, and she sailed for London, and arrived there February 7, 1780, with 488 butts of oil in her hold, as this manifest in my hand states. Well, the pith of the story is, that this ship was the first to fly the American flag in England. It appears by a letter from William Rotch, Jr., that she arrived in the Downs February 23, the day of the signing of the preliminary treaty of peace between the United States, France, and England, and hearing of this displayed in London the first United States flag. The colors caused the Admiralty no little vexation and debate as to whether she should be admitted or not. In London the *Bedford* and her flag made the sensation of the day, and

scores of people visited the ship to inspect the new piece of bunting.

“The dim interiors of those old warehouses often recur to me as I walk the wharves. Always fragrant, always mysterious from the strange store of old-world treasures and commodities they held. Cassia and sandalwood, liquorice, spices of India and Ceylon, tea-chests covered with strange hieroglyphics, puncheons of Jamaica, rare old Madeira in butts, fabrics of Persia and India, boxes of pure white spermaceti, Arabian coffee, bales of whalebone and cotton — a boy might have learned of the products of the whole earth by studying our world in miniature. And what a multitude of clerks, factors, and stevedores was necessary to the handling of this great body of merchandise — for Nantucket was a great distributing as well as receiving port then — the products that came to us in exchange for our seal oil and bone being reshipped to all our domestic ports and also abroad. The trade created a special model of swift and graceful vessels called coasters, two or three of which were always to be seen lying in the docks taking in cargo. But those old days are gone,” concluded my friend with a sigh. “This picture that we old people see as we walk about the wharves will never be visible again to the outward sense.”

“I have some quaint fancies while looking into my sea-coal fire,” he observed on another occasion. “About

ships, now — I love to think of them as having an individuality like men. Some are prosperous, you know, and some never earn their owners a penny. Some achieve fame, others have it thrust upon them; some are continually meeting squalls and hurricanes, and others float on as uneventfully as some human lives.

“I have known many famous ships in my day, and have heard gossip of others. One of General Grant’s gifts from the people of San Francisco was a cane turned from the portion of the rudder post of the old ship *John Jay*, which was dismantled and her hulk burned in San Antonio creek some years since. This vessel is said to have conveyed Franklin to France in 1776 as ambassador from the United States.

“At Monterey again one may see at low tide the timbers of a sunken ship — the wreck of the brig *Natalie*, the very ship on which Napoleon the Great made his escape from the Island of Elba, just before the final collapse of his empire at Waterloo. The *Natalie* brought to California in 1834 the colony of Huyas from their home in Mexico, to be settled on the frontiers of Sonoma County. They grew homesick, however, on arriving in sight of their new home, and forced the Captain to return with them to Monterey, where the *Natalie* was wrecked as she was entering the harbor.

“Within the Golden Gate at San Francisco, I saw in the year 1852 a thousand ships, few of which ever

went to sea again. They were mostly old vessels, chartered in the East to bring flour to hungry miners, and were either condemned on arriving at San Francisco, or left to decay, or to be broken up for firewood and old metal. Perhaps you will relish a little gossip about them. There was the *Cadmus*, which brought Lafayette to this country in 1824; the *General Jackson* and *Balance*, two ships taken by James De Wolfe's privateer, *True-Blooded Yankee*, in the war of 1814. The latter ship was near 100 years old. Both were built in Calcutta of teak timber, and the *Balance* had the same masts in her which were put in in Calcutta almost a century before. There was, too, the celebrated *Lady Amherst*, an English whaler of repute, belonging to Samuel Enderby & Sons of London, which in six consecutive voyages, with an average time of thirty-four months each, obtained 16,000 barrels of sperm oil — a catch never equaled by any ship from our own ports. There also entered the port Thomas H. Perkins's splendid clipper *Nile* of Boston from China, laden with silks, teas, and frankincense (sandalwood), seeking a market first among the Peruvians. There were also the *Martha*, a London packet from Nantucket in 1809; *Montano*, a French packet from New York in 1824; the *Henry Astor*, one of John Jacob Astor's famed Northwest fur traders to China; the *Deucalion*, *Hibernian*, and *Ontario* of the Liverpool packets, the *Niantic*, Goodhue & Co.'s China ship from New York,

which was moved up into the center of the city, and was for a long time a famous hotel; the *Friendship of Salem*, once cut off by the Malays, to chastise whom our Government sent out the frigate *Potomac* under Commodore Downes in 1832; the *Morrison*, one of Stephen Girard's famous tea ships; the *Palladium*, one of Thorndike's ships of Boston, with scores of others, thrown aside in the scramble for gold.

"A great many old ships went to form the stone blockade of Charleston, S. C., in 1862, when the Anglo-rebel privateers made fearful havoc. Among the interesting old ships was the *Barclay*, built in 1794 for William Rotch & Sons by George Claghorn, the same who built the frigate *Constitution*. The *Barclay* was gallantly cut out of Callao from under the guns of the Spanish fortifications in 1813 by Commodore David Porter, then commanding the frigate *Essex*, with our famous Farragut at that time a midshipman under him. After an eventful career she was broken up at New Bedford in 1864. Also the ship *Canada*, famous in her day when in the Liverpool trade for making her passage from New York to Liverpool in from thirteen to sixteen days, and delivering General Jackson's messages in Liverpool as promptly as steamers do others in these days. This ship was seized by the Brazilian Government while ashore near Pernambuco in 1856, and has since been paid for, costing that Government \$100,000.

"Among ships none were fleetier or more graceful

than the American clippers. With their sharp trim hulls and top-hamper spread and swelling to the breeze, they were the most beautiful of ocean racers, the pride and joy of the merchant's heart. The clippers originated in Baltimore in the war of 1812, having been constructed first as privateers. After the war they were put in the Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso trade from that city. The ships *Corinthian* and *Ann McKim* were the most famous of this fleet, the latter once making the passage from Valparaiso to Baltimore in fifty-eight days. The *Corinthian* was broken up at Stonington, Conn., in 1847, and the *McKim* at San Francisco in 1853. In 1842 Warren Delano came from China and built the ship *Memnon* in Smith & Diamond's yard, New York, who were famous shipbuilders in that day. She was the best ship I ever saw in every particular, and after sailing the sea for twelve years was lost in 1854 with a cargo of 2,000,000 pounds of tea for London, for which she was to have had \$70,000 freight.

“Very soon the English began to build clippers, and then there was international rivalry and racing. Large space in the newspapers of the day was devoted to accounts of the voyages of the splendid clippers that plied between New York and London, New York and San Francisco, New York and China, and England and China. The *Sea Witch*, Capt. Robert Waterman, made the shortest China passage — seventy-four days — from Hong Kong to New York, beating his own

previous time in the ship *Natchez* by four days. The *Flying Cloud*, built by Donald McKay, at East Boston in 1851, made the passage from Sandy Hook light to San Francisco in eighty-nine days twenty-one hours — the shortest on record. On his return, however, Captain Cressy beat his own record, reaching San Francisco in eighty-nine days nineteen hours.

“In May, 1856, five English clippers started from China for a race to London. The affair excited great interest on both sides of the Atlantic. The ships engaged were the *Ariel*, 853 tons, the *Fiery Cross*, 689 tons, the *Taeping*, 767 tons, the *Taitsing*, 815 tons, and the *Sirica*, 708 tons. They were laden with the first of the season’s teas, and an additional freight of ten shillings per ton was promised the first ship arriving in dock, hence the competition.

“The *Sirica*, *Ariel*, and *Taeping* passed Foochow Bar for London on the same day, May 30. The *Fiery Cross* sailed the day before, and the *Taitsing* the day after. The next heard of them was at Angier, Straits of Sunda, as follows: ‘*Fiery Cross* passed through on the 19th of June, the others on the 22d, all within a few hours of each other, running the distance from Foochow — 2,780 miles — in twenty-three days.’ The next was this bit of ship news from London: ‘Yesterday, September 21, 1856, Lloyd’s agent telegraphed the arrival of three of the ships in the Downs. They are expected at Blackwell to-day. Up to late

last evening no news had been received of the *Fiery Cross* or the *Taitzing*.' The distance, 14,060 miles, was run in ninety-nine days, an average of 141 miles a day, and the vessels ran almost neck and neck the whole passage."

CHAPTER XV

AN ANTI-SLAVERY PIONEER

ANOTHER evening my friend produced an ancient, time-worn pamphlet, whose full title I found to read:

“A testimony against that anti-Christian practice of making slaves of men, wherein it is showed to be contrary to the dispensation of the Law and Time of the Gospel, and very opposite both to Grace and Nature. By Elihu Coleman, printed in the year 1733.”

“I suppose it to be,” he remarked, “one of the earliest, as well as most earnest and fearless, denunciations of human slavery ever published. Its author, Elihu Coleman, was a minister of the Society of Friends (born on Nantucket, December, 1699, died here January, 1789), and an able and fearless preacher here for nearly the whole of his career. Beginning with his day, the island continued very hostile to the institution to the end. The Friends were the dominant sect on Nantucket in those days, and their influence was always exerted against slavery. The famous Prince Boston case, you remember, made Massachusetts a free State, and Prince Boston was a Nantucket slave.

His owner, Elisha Folger, had for some reason shipped him and sent him out in Mr. Rotch's whale-ship. On arrival home he claimed and received as his own Prince's share in the voyage. But in 1780, while the ship was absent, the Constitution of Massachusetts was adopted, and Mr. Rotch, on reading it, at once saw that it abolished slavery; at least he determined to make a test case of it. Pretty soon Prince's ship came in, and Mr. Folger applied for his slave's 'voyage.' 'Thee has no voyage here,' said Mr. Rotch calmly, making Folger as hot as a South Carolinian — so wroth that he sued in the courts, and a famous case it became; he lost his suit, and not only Prince Boston, but 4,700 other slaves in Massachusetts, were set free.

"We had an exciting fugitive slave case in 1822. There were several runaway slaves from Virginia living here and at New Bedford at the time, supporting themselves and their families, owning little freehold properties, when suddenly one Camillus Griffith appeared and demanded their surrender as escaped slaves of certain parties living near Alexandria, Va. Griffith in his sworn statement before the court gives so clear and succinct a statement of the proceedings at Nantucket that I quote him:

"'On my arrival at Boston,' he says, 'I addressed a respectful memorial to Judge Davis of the United States District Court, enumerating the slaves I was in pursuit of, and praying him to grant a process for their

apprehension. Being unsuccessful in this respect from the defect in the law of 1793, I requested Judge Davis to state his objections, which you will find on the back of the memorial. I then appealed to Colonel Harris, the Marshal of Massachusetts, for one of his deputies, and proceeded to the Island of Nantucket, where we found the family of negroes belonging to Mr. David Ricketts, and were in the act of removing them when a large assemblage of persons collected round the house, and seemed to set us at defiance. I remonstrated with them on the course they were pursuing, and stated to some of the leading men in the mob that I had arrested these slaves under a law of the United States; and to satisfy the people of Nantucket that the course we were pursuing was legal, we had brought the Deputy Marshal with us. A man calling himself Francis G. Macy insisted that if we had any authority it should be produced, and as he seemed to have the most influence with the mob, I produced the power of attorney of Mr. Ricketts. Before I commenced reading it I placed Mr. Taylor, with two men, at the back part of the house, to prevent the negroes from escaping. Mr. Taylor did not remain there long. The threats of the mob alarmed him, and on his retiring to join me in the front part of the house, I was informed that Thomas Mackerel Macy put his Quaker coat and hat on George, and assisted him and his wife and children out of the window and carried them off to a place of greater

security. While these things were going on, and I was engaged with the party in front of the house, one man, Sylvenus Macy, observed that the power of attorney of Ricketts might be a forgery, and afterwards said there was no doubt that it was a forgery, and also observed: "We were not in Virginia now, but in Yankee town — that they wanted those colored people to man their whale ship and would not suffer them to be carried back to bondage." He was proceeding in this manner and with other abusive language when the arrival of Sig. Folger was announced, who I understood had been sent for. His first inquiry was where the slaves were, and F. G. Macy answered, "We have them in our possession and they are now in the house." Folger then observed to me that the laws of this State did not recognize any persons as slaves, and if I attempted to molest these people or remove them, he should consider it his duty as a magistrate to arrest me and my party. I then informed Mr. Folger that I had arrested these people as slaves, who had run away from a gentleman in Virginia, and that the law of the United States authorized the arrest, and called upon him as a magistrate to suppress the mob, and allow us to bring the negroes before him or suffer Mr. Bass, the Deputy Marshal, to take them to Boston before Judge Davis for trial. I also asked Mr. Folger if he did not consider the State laws of Massachusetts subordinate to the laws of the United States. His answer was "No,"

and that if we attempted to molest these people any further, he would put us all in jail.'

"Remark the manliness and pure grit of those old magistrates and freemen, defying the power of the whole national Government, then wielded by slaveholders, for the protection of the weak and helpless, and driving the spoiler off without his prey — for Griffith, finding the men of Nantucket so defiant and threatening, relinquished his quest and set sail for New Bedford. There he fell into more desperate straits at the hands of those sturdy Quakers, Thomas Rotch and William W. Swain, being thrown into prison, and after many hardships missing his object as he had in Nantucket."

CHAPTER XVI

THE SEA FIGHT OFF MADDEQUECHAM

“IT was out there it happened, one fine October morning in 1814,” said our friend, pointing out to sea. We had had a glorious ride that September afternoon and now drew rein on the summit of one of the round-topped hills looking down on Maddequecham Pond, and on the racing surf thundering beyond.

“That war of 1812,” he continued, “was pretty much all a sea fight, and it does my heart good to recall now and then how handsomely we whipped John Bull on his own ground. There were several pretty sea-fights off our eastern coast in that war. The *Constitution* and *Guerriere* off the St. Lawrence, and the *Enterprise* and *Boxer* off Portland harbor, will at once recur to you, but here on the south side, perhaps four miles from town, as gallant an action as any of them was fought, of which no mention whatever is made in the books. Cooper, even, in his ‘Naval History,’ has no account of it.

“One mellow October day of that year — 1814 — the town was startled by the news that an American privateer brig was off the south shore with a large

British frigate in pursuit, and scores of people streamed over the downs to watch the chase and possible battle. They saw not only the privateer, but a large ship, her prize, lying abreast of Maddequecham Pond, and away off to the southwest a large frigate in sight, hull down and nearly becalmed in the light breeze playing from northward. A concise account of the affair and of the events preceding it is given in the marine columns of the *Boston Daily Advertiser* of October 17, 1814, evidently taken from the privateer's log-book. I quote: 'July 4. Sailed from Cherbourg . . . Made in all fifteen captures, many of them in the British and Irish channels; burnt and scuttled most of them. Among others, September 6, captured ship *Douglas*, of and for Liverpool from Demerara, cargo, rum, sugar, cotton, and coffee, 420 tons, in latitude $41\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, longitude 45° . Kept company with the *Douglas*, made Nantucket 9th inst., in company. On the 11th, Nantucket bearing N. about a quarter of a mile distant, discovered a frigate off Gay Head, which gave chase and came up with a fresh breeze, while we were becalmed. At three P.M. we got the breeze and took the *Douglas* in tow, the frigate then about four leagues from us. At sunset it died away calm. At seven P.M. was obliged to come to anchor, and supposing the frigate would send her boats to attempt to capture us, prepared accordingly. At eight P.M. signal was made from the prize that the boats were coming. Soon after discovered them,

five in number, and in a few minutes they were alongside.'

"The attacking boats carried 104 men, to whom the *Prince of Neufchâtel* could oppose but 38. A launch containing 48 men was sunk by the privateer's first fire, and only 2 men were saved. Two boats' crews attempted to board at the bows, but were swept away, all except the leader, the Second Lieutenant of the *Endymion*, who walked the whole length of the privateer amid his foes unrecognized, and jumped through the port into his own boat. Then the privateer's men poured their fire into the boats alongside. In twenty minutes the fight was over. Three boats drifted away from the brig, every man killed. The other was captured, and of her thirty-six men eight were found to be killed, twenty wounded, and only eight unhurt. The privateer, too, had suffered. Of her thirty-eight men six were killed and twenty-one wounded. The dead were buried on shore; the wounded were brought to town, and taken to Mr. Edward Dixon's on Cross Wharf, and to Obed Pinkham's house on Broad Street, where our women attended them. I remember stealing in with the surgeons when they came, and watching, with eyes as big as saucers, the bullets extracted from the wounds.

"A day or two later a launch came up the harbor filled with officers in their grand uniforms, the crew pulling with man-of-war precision, sent from the *En-*

dymion to look after her wounded people. I happened to be in the room when I heard them coming up the narrow stairs, their scabbards clanking, and fled with the women to the pantry, scared at such company. I gained courage to peep out before they departed, however, and one rolled this bullet to me across the floor, and told me to keep it as a memento of the fight. It was a sad affair for the *Endymion* — her First Lieutenant and a master's mate killed, the Third Lieutenant, two master's mates, and one midshipman wounded, 33 men killed, 37 wounded, and 30 prisoners. Well might her Captain — Hope — complain that he had suffered as badly as though engaged with a frigate of equal calibre.

“Ordranax, the little French Captain of the *Neuf-châtel*, seems to have been a veritable Hotspur. He declared that if he could get the men to man his brig, he would take the *Endymion* in the cove where she lay. No doubt he had the requisite pluck, but it would have been foolhardy, unless by surprise, for the *Endymion* was a forty-gun frigate with a broadside of twenty-fours, and notwithstanding her severe losses had quite men enough left to man her batteries. This old frigate, the *Endymion*, well deserves to be classed among the historic ships of the British Navy. Three months later, January 15, 1815, she sustained a desperate fight with the *President*, frigate, Commodore Decatur, off Sandy Hook. She got the worst of it, the *President*

being a heavier ship, and probably would have been obliged to strike her colors but for the arrival of her consorts, when the *President* was captured and both ships were sent to Bermuda. Before reaching that port, however, both were dismasted in a gale, and the *Endymion* came near foundering, being obliged to throw overboard all her upper-deck guns."

CHAPTER XVII

A TYPICAL NANTUCKET MERCHANT

ONE evening, calling on my friend, I found him poring over a mouldy account-book, among whose dates as he turned the leaves I caught that of 1765. "It came from the counting-room of William Rotch," said he, "a merchant deserving of more remembrance than he is likely to receive from this generation. We had great men in those days and down to 1849-50, men whose services in creating and extending American commerce cannot be too highly commended. The Rotches, Coffins, and Mitchells were giants of the former time, and the Starbucks, Macys, Folgers, and Gardners of the latter. But of all, William Rotch was easily chief. I consider him the greatest merchant of colonial days. He was of Quaker parentage, born here October 4, 1734, and entered about 1754 his father's West India business, and before 1773 founded with his brothers Joseph and Francis the house of Joseph Rotch's Sons, with branches in New Bedford and London, and an extensive trade with the other colonies, the West Indies, and the mother country.

"The commodity most largely dealt in by the firm

was whale oil; it had many vessels in the whale fishery, and the product shipped to England found a ready market there. In return, the vessels brought all manner of commodities, which the firm distributed in its small, swift-sailing schooners to the Southern colonies and the West Indies. It is a curious fact that in due process of this trade the peace-loving Quakers became active agents in precipitating a frightful and bloody struggle. In this old book in my hand, under date of 1773, occurs this entry: 'Invoice of 182 casks white sperm oil shipped by William Rotch, on board the ship, *Dartmouth*, Joseph Rotch, master, for London, on account and risk of the shipper, and goes consigned to Champion, Dickinson & Co., merchants there. This vessel was one of those from which the tea was emptied into Boston harbor a few months later.' On reaching London with this cargo she, with the *Beaver*, also owned by the Rotches, and a third ship, the *Eleanor*, was chartered by the East India Company to convey to Boston the objectionable teas which led to the famous tea-party in Boston harbor in December, 1773.

"When the war finally came, the people looked to Mr. Rotch as the leading man of the island for counsel and protection. He at once declared for a strict neutrality as being not only good policy, but in accordance with the principles of the Friends, which the majority of the islanders professed. But this course seemed to

arouse the ill-will of both parties, and the little community was soon harassed with depredations from the armed vessels of the British and Tories on the one hand and of the patriots on the other. In his autobiography, which I have here, written at the age of eighty, he gives a graphic account of one of these Tory descents. On another occasion several sloops of war and a number of transports were in sight of the island three days, intending to make a descent upon it. 'Nothing short of the interposition of Divine Providence preserved us from apparent ruin,' says Mr. Rotch. 'They were in sight of us in the day time three days near Cape Poge (Martha's Vineyard). They got under way three mornings successively, and stood for the island with a fair wind, which each morning came round against them, and the tide too came round against them, which obliged them to return to their anchorage still in view of us. Before they could make the fourth attempt, orders came for their return to New York for some other expedition. A solemn time indeed it was to us. Messengers were arriving one after another, and twice I was called up in the night with the disagreeable information that they were at hand.'

"Twice he visited the British camp — once at Newport, and once at New York — to induce the British Commander to grant the island a protection from British cruisers and armed vessels. He was successful in both cases, but for the act was haled before a com-

mittee of the General Court of Massachusetts on a charge of treason — a law having passed that body making it high treason for any person to visit a British port without its consent. Mr. Rotch was indicted before that tribunal, but not found guilty, and the charge was finally dropped.

“A mission to Congress, near the close of the war, for a permit to allow the whaling vessels of Nantucket to go out, in which he was successful after a five weeks’ struggle, completed the merchant’s efforts on behalf of Nantucket during the war. At the close of the struggle he found all the conditions of trade and industry changed. The chief product and staple of trade of Nantucket had been whale oil. But now England, the chief oil market of the world, in revenge for the loss of her colonies, laid a duty of eighteen pounds per ton on all oil brought to her market by aliens. In consequence Nantucket oil, that had sold at thirty pounds before the war, now dropped to seventeen. It cost twenty-five pounds to produce it, as the merchants and ship-owners found after a few years’ trial, and Mr. Rotch decided to remove to England and prosecute the fishery from there. Not meeting with much encouragement from the English Court, he crossed to France, and under the protection of Louis XVI. and a bounty from the Government established his son Benjamin in the fishery at Dunkirk. He then returned to Nantucket, but four years later, in 1790, voyaged

with his family to Dunkirk, called thither by business interests.

“During this second visit to France he figured in an episode of historical importance from the light which it threw on some of the actors in the French revolution. The revolution had been two years in progress when early in 1791 he, with his son Benjamin and John Marsillac, appeared before the French National Assembly at Paris to present a petition to that body for certain privileges and exemptions connected with their religious principles. They asked, first, that they might not be compelled to take arms and kill men under any pretense; second, that their simple registers of births, marriages, and deaths might be deemed sufficient to legalize their marriages and births, and authenticate their deaths, and third, that they might be exempted from the taking of oaths. Mirabeau was President of the Assembly, and previous notice that this ‘Quaker petition’ was to be presented had drawn at the appointed hour every member in town and more spectators to the galleries than could be accommodated. Brissot de Warville, the traveler, and several other members came to the petitioners’ lodgings to accompany them to the chamber. ‘But,’ said one, as they were about setting out, ‘you have no cockades; you must put them on.’ ‘No,’ said the Quaker, ‘we cannot; it is contrary to our principles to wear a distinguishing badge.’ ‘But,’ they urged, ‘it is required by law, to prevent distinctions,

that people may not be abused, for their lives are in danger without them'; referring to the mob through which it was necessary to pass to gain the doors of the Assembly. Rotch and his friends replied calmly that they could not do it, that they must go as they were and submit to what might befall them. 'We set out,' says Mr. Rotch, 'with no small apprehension, but we trusted in that power which can turn the hearts of men as a watercourse is turned.' You can fancy the spectacle these drab-coated disciples of peace presented as they pushed through the mob that then governed Paris.

"We passed through the great concourse," Mr. Rotch continues, 'without interruption and reached the waiting-room of the Assembly. A messenger informed the President, and we were immediately called to the bar. John Marsillac read the petition with Brissot at his elbow to correct him in his emphasis, which he frequently did, unperceived, I believe, by all except ourselves. At the close of every subject there was a general clapping of hands, the officers endeavoring to hush them. The hushing, I thought, was hissing, from my ignorance of the language, and apprehended all was going wrong until better informed. After the reading was concluded Mirabeau rose. "Quakers," said he, "who have fled from persecutors and tyrants cannot but address with confidence the legislators who have for the first time in France made the rights of mankind the basis of law, and France now reformed, France

in the bosom of peace, which she will always consider herself bound to revere, and which she wishes to all nations, may become another happy Pennsylvania. As a system of philanthropy we admire your principles. They remind us that the origin of every society was a family united by its manners, its affections, and its wants, and doubtless those would be the most sublime institutions which would renew the human race, and bring them back this primitive and virtuous original. The examination of your principles no longer concerns us. We have decided on that point. There is a kind of property no man would put into the common stock, the emotions of his soul, the freedom of his thought. In this sacred domain man is placed in a hierarchy far above the social state. As a citizen he must adopt a form of government, but as a thinking being the universe is his country. As principles of religion your doctrines will not be the subject of our deliberations. The relation of every man to the Supreme Being is independent of all political institutions. Between God and the heart of man, what Government would dare to interfere? As civil maxims, your claims must be submitted to the discussions of the legislative body. We will examine whether the forms you observe in order to certify births and marriages be sufficient to authenticate those descents which the divisions of property, independent of good manners, render indispensable. We will consider whether a declaration subject to the penal-

ties against false witnesses and perjury, be not, in fact, an oath. Worthy citizens, you have already taken that civic oath which every man deserving of freedom has thought a privilege rather than a duty. You have not taken God to witness, but you have appealed to your consciences; and is not a pure conscience a heaven without a cloud? Is not that part of a man a ray of divinity? You also say that one of your religious tenets forbids you to take up arms or to kill a man under any pretense whatever. It is certainly a noble philosophical principle which thus does a kind of homage to humanity, but consider well whether defense of yourselves and your equals be not also a religious duty. You would otherwise be overpowered by tyrants. Since we have procured liberty for you and for ourselves, why should you refuse to preserve it? Had your brethren in Pennsylvania been less remote from the savages, would they have suffered their wives, their children, their parents, to be massacred rather than resist? And are not stupid tyrants and ferocious conquerors savages? The Assembly in its wisdom will consider all your requests, but whenever I meet a Quaker I will say, 'My brother, if thou hast a right to be free, thou hast the right to prevent any one from making thee a slave. As thou lovest a fellow-creature, suffer not a tyrant to destroy him; it would be killing him thyself. Thou desirest peace, but consider, weakness invites war. General resistance would prove an universal peace.''''

“Many adventures and hair-breadth escapes were met with by the staid Friends in that time of terror, not a few of them caused by the steadfastness with which they clung to their religious convictions and observances. Mr. Rotch returned to America in 1794, and eventually settled in New Bedford, dying in 1828 at the age of ninety-four.”

CHAPTER XVIII

THE SEA KINGS OF NANTUCKET

“**BURKE** has described them,” remarked my friend on another evening, recurring to his favorite topic, the sea. “The men I have been thinking of all day — the sea captains of Nantucket. You remember that famous speech of his before Parliament — one of his best — in which he pleaded the cause of the American Colonies.

“Pass by the other parts,” he says, “and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the whale fishery. While we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice, and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson Bay and Davis Straits — while we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold — that they are at the Antipodes, and engaged under the frozen serpent of the South. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition, is but a stage and resting-place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the



THE BRIDGE AT CONCORD
Showing the Monuments at Each End of the Bridge



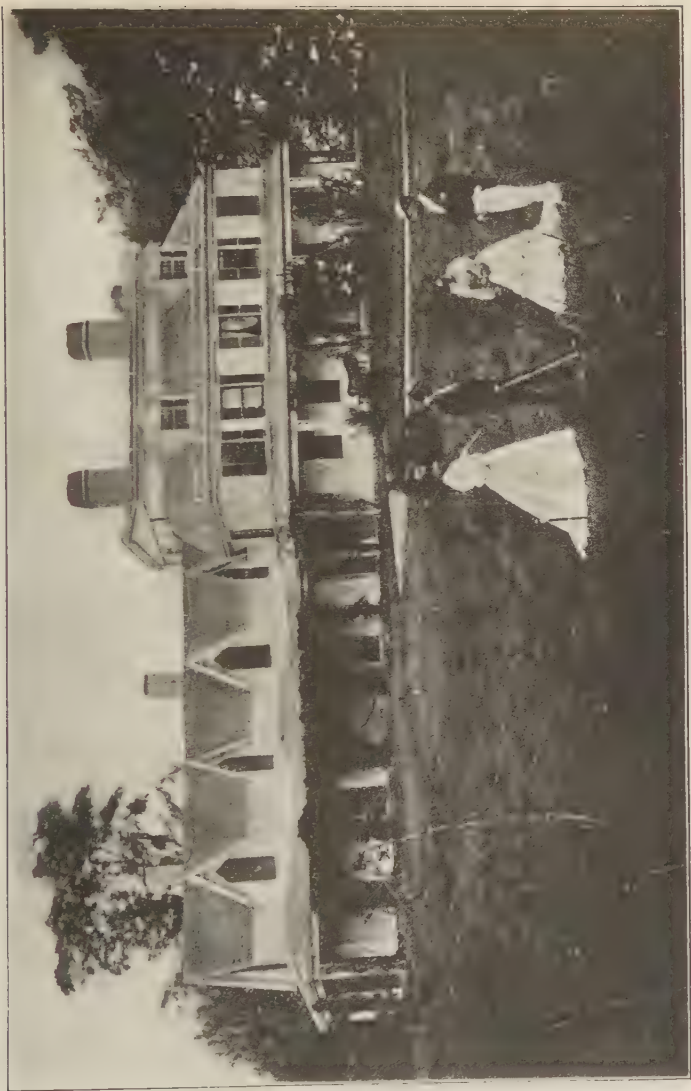
WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS, CAMBRIDGE
Well Known in Recent Times as the Home of Longfellow



PILGRIM HALL, PLYMOUTH



THE OLD QUINCY HOUSE, QUINCY



DANIEL WEBSTER'S HOME, GREEN HARBOR
Since Destroyed by Fire. Reproduced from an Old Photograph



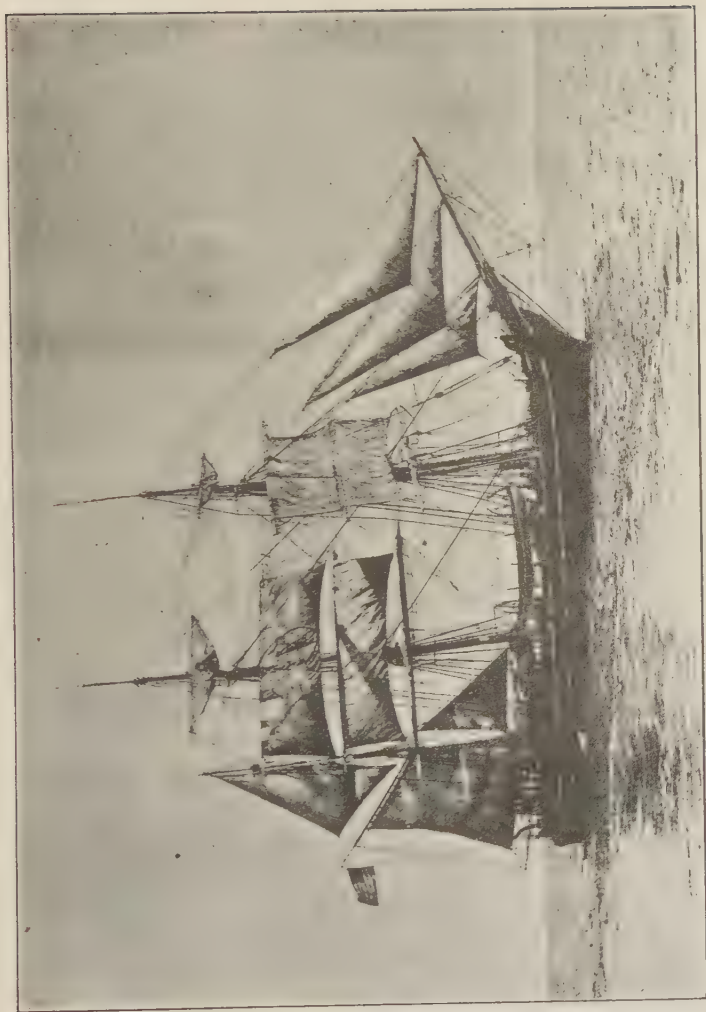
THE CUSTOM HOUSE AT SALEM



VIEW OF MARBLEHEAD HARBOR
The Land at the Extreme Right is Fort Sewall



A TYPICAL NANTUCKET HOUSE
Built About 1675



THE BARK *Canton*, A WHALER FOR 66 YEARS
From a Photograph Taken in Buzzard's Bay, 1899



THE EDWARDS ELM, NORTHAMPTON
Planted by Jonathan Edwards Whose Home Stood on the Site of the Brick House



THE STONE FACE ON MONUMENT MOUNTAIN, STOCKBRIDGE



THE INDIAN BURIAL PLACE, STOCKBRIDGE



THE HAWTHORNE COTTAGE, LENOX
Destroyed by Fire June 22, 1890

accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that while some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but is vexed by their fisheries; no climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people — a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.”

That refers exclusively to Nantucket men, for they were the only ones who at that day had shown such enterprise in the whale fishery.

“There were a lot of splendid shipmasters just passing off the stage when I was a boy, and I must say they seemed to me in character, enterprise, and lofty demeanor fully equal to all I had heard related of their daring and enterprise. Knights-errant of the world they were, roaming from zone to zone and pole to pole, discovering new islands, mapping out unknown seas, grappling the hugest game, meeting and mingling with all peoples, you can imagine the stories they told, and of their fascination for a boy of twelve. I never forgot any, but the China and India voyages interested me most, especially those to Pondicherry, a remote port in India belonging to the French. I suppose because

they recalled the exploits of Hastings and the great Clive. I am in the mood for speaking briefly of a few.

“The greatest family of island shipmasters was the Wests. They were descended in part from the noble Ichabod Paddock, who removed to Nantucket late in 1600, by invitation, to teach the people how to catch whales. Charles West married a descendant of this great whaleman. They had a son Stephen, who was master of a ship as early as 1802. Stephen was one of the most successful of our shipmasters. He was a bosom friend of the great merchant Jacob Barker; they were boys together; in fact, Jacob has told me that Captain West gave him his first start in life. I saw the former in 1850, in his eighty-fifth year, at the Captain’s death-bed, asking him what he could do for him in such a tender, pathetic spirit that I forgave Mr. Barker all he had omitted to do for his friend in life. In 1790 Captain West commenced his career as a South sea whale fisherman, and continued in it until 1798, when the French troubles compelled its suspension. In 1800, however, he was away as First Lieutenant of the *Oneida*, a twenty-gun ship, bound on a voyage to China, via Cape Horn and the Marquesas Islands, where she expected to lay in her cargo of seal skins. The *Oneida* was absent seventeen months, and returned with a rich cargo of teas, silks, and nankeens, so profitable that it was talked of in the counting-rooms of all our ports. Whaling was just then reviving. The ship *John Jay*,

then in the China trade, was purchased, and Mr. West went out in her as first officer on a voyage to Brazil Banks. On his return, Seth Russell & Sons of New Bedford offered him command of the *Dolphin*, in which he sailed on a whaling voyage to the South Seas. She registered but 130 tons, and was probably the smallest vessel that ever sailed on such a voyage.

“Well out on the whaling grounds, the young Captain discovered that his vessel was leaking and was also very defective in her upper works. Most commanders would have come home. He put into Delgoa Bay, on the coast of Africa, where he found a number of his townsmen in command of English, French, and American ships. He called to his aid the carpenters and smiths of these ships, went into the woods and cut timbers, repaired his ship, and refastened her throughout. Then they went for a cruise off the Cape of Good Hope, fell in with schools of whales, filled the ship in six weeks, and were home full, the first ship of the season. Captain West’s reputation was now assured. In the ship *Martha* he made two voyages to the Brazil Banks and to Patagonia, taking upwards of 1,850 barrels of sperm oil each time, but losing the last — captured by the English ship *Nimrod*, in the war of 1812. On the return of peace he made three seven months’ voyages in his old ship *Martha*, returning full each time. Then the Liverpool packet *Pacific* was bought, and in her in a seven months’ voyage he took

2,400 barrels of oil. He made a second voyage with like results. He then performed his last voyage in the *South America*, taking 700 barrels, and retired from the sea, having brought 25,000 barrels of oil into port. He died in 1859, nearly eighty-five years of age.

"The next son, Paul, was also a successful ship-master, first sailing for Nantucket merchants and then in English employ. His brother, Silas, was noted for an exploit that was narrated in every cabin and fore-castle throughout the fleet. He was in command of the London whaleship *Indian*, and when off the Gallipagos Islands discovered a school of ten or twelve 'bull whales.' Then there was a sound of piping by day, the boats were lowered, and Captain West was soon in the midst of the monsters, never slacking his labors till the last was killed. When the ship worked up there were ten whales waiting to be taken alongside. I was telling this story years afterwards in one of our public resorts, several old masters being present, when one, then past his eightieth birthday, remarked: 'The gentleman has told the truth of the matter; I was second mate of the ship *Lion*, then in company, and saw it done.' Capt. Silas West was killed by a sperm whale in the Pacific Ocean.

"Capt. Benjamin Worth was another of those heroic masters. A volume might have been made of his exploits and adventures. Once he told me of a little adventure that befell him on the coast of New Zealand,

showing how a trivial circumstance may arrest the course of events and deliver from the jaws of destruction. They were in a deep bay on that coast when a terrible gale overtook them. With close-reefed main topsail and foretop-mast stays'l set — all they could carry — they tried to beat out, but in vain; the ship was urged to leeward by the tempest on towards the foaming breakers and black, jagged rocks. Captain and mate consulted, and decided to run the ship on shore while it was day so that they could pick out a safe place to land. The negroes on board — and most Nantucket ships carried more or less of those people — on hearing the order to put up the helm, and seeing the ship headed towards shore, crowded around the Captain and urged him to try once more for the open sea, 'for,' said they, 'if we escape to shore here, we shall surely be eaten, for the natives are cannibals.' They were well aware that the New Zealanders much preferred negro flesh as a diet to that of white men. Touched by their distress, the Captain decided to make another attempt to gain sea room. He brought the ship to the wind again, and set fore and mizzen tops'l, let out a reef in each of the others, and awaited the result. 'You should have seen the tense, pale faces of the men,' he used to say, 'and the ship dancing like a sea-bird on the waves, with the wind howling through her cordage like a legion of devils, and the boiling caldron on her lee. But the sails held, the wind eased up

a point or two, and we flew like a bird past the headland, and out to sea.' They made Sydney, New South Wales, and there Captain Worth displayed the qualities of a great commander by bringing victory out of disaster. The ship was a mere wreck — boats and try-works gone, cabin gangway splintered, part of the deck torn up, and not a barrel of oil yet obtained; but Worth, not disheartened, built boats, repaired his ship, made grass rope, recruited stores, and put to sea, and in fifteen months was at Nantucket Bar, full. That shows the spirit of a Nantucket sea-king. Sailors will hardly believe it; but I had it from his own lips. This Captain Worth, by the way, was grandfather to Secretary Folger's wife. He was an elegant sailor and commander, as was his son, who sailed from England the ships *Griffen* and *Rochester*.

"Capt. David Baxter, one of Mr. Rotch's captains, once gave his owner a great surprise. When in England, just before the war of 1812, Mr. Rotch engaged him for a passage to the Pacific for sperm oil. 'When thou art full and on thy way home,' said he, 'call at St. Helena, and I will there have a letter directing thee how to proceed from that point.' Everything drew alow and aloft on the passage out, and when the good ship, the *Charles*, reached the coast of Peru she found whales so plentiful and had such luck in striking them that she was full before the men had thought of home; then favoring winds swept her speedily back, and she

called at St. Helena for the letter before Mr. Rotch had thought of her leaving her cruising-ground. Of course, there was no letter of advice, and Captain Baxter stood away for England, knowing too much to attempt New Bedford, with all his Majesty's cruisers on the lookout for American ships. He took a pilot in the channel, who, one morning, before Mr. Rotch had arisen, anchored the *Charles*, with her bowsprit almost in the bow windows of his palatial residence on the Thames. Then Captain Baxter went ashore. Arrived at Mr. Rotch's house, the great merchant came into the reception-room in slippers and dressing-gown and was vastly alarmed to meet his master. 'Why, Baxter,' said he, 'what has happened to thee? Has thee become a wreck, or what has happened?' supposing he had made no voyage. But when the Captain announced the *Charles* as full of sperm oil, worth an enormous number of guineas, Mr. Rotch was immensely relieved, and heartily congratulating him, made him stay to breakfast. It was a great surprise to the old Quaker. I think the time was only about eighteen months — the usual absence being three years. Baxter was a man of untiring force in all his fine voyages. I have heard him relate details of them often. He was uncle to Sir Francis Baxter, of New Zealand memory.

"Let me give you an instance of the strength and nerve of another of our Nantucket sea-kings, Capt.

Obed Fitch. He went, as second mate of that famous ship the *Maria*, to the east coast of Africa, George G. Hussey being commander, and Micajah Gardner first officer. Approaching the African coast, near where Riley and Paddock, two of our best captains, had been disastrously wrecked, the man on the forecastle reported 'something looking strange to him ahead.' Fitch, who had the deck, walked forward, and peering under the foresail, at once discovered the land looking white. Quick as a flash, without a word or order to any one, he sprang to the quarter deck and put down the helm — hard down to the rail, then springing to the yards, swung them around with his powerful arms as quickly as though all hands had been at the halliards, thus putting the ship about and on the opposite tack; then, pausing to look over her side, he saw the mud coming up, and sea-drift, showing that her keel had scraped the bottom. When the ship was safe, Captain Hussey appeared in the gangway with Mr. Gardner, and took Mr. Fitch's statement. Next morning at the breakfast-table Captain Hussey said playfully: 'Mr. Gardner, why didn't you take the deck last night?' 'Why, sir,' said Mr. Gardner, 'I saw Mr. Fitch had it, and that no man was safe around him. I saw he was in earnest.'

"Captain Fitch was a fine, majestic figure, over six feet tall, muscular, strong-limbed, his arms when in motion plainly showing his power. It is said that once

while bringing a new ship home they wanted water from alongside, and there being no bucket, he seized a barrel, and letting it down drew it up full as easily as an ordinary seaman would a bucket.

“Capt. William Mooers of the ship *Maria* was Mr. Rotch’s favorite captain. I heard a story once illustrating his spirit and decision of character. He was making a voyage to France in command of the *Maria*, Mr. Rotch being a passenger. We were at war with England at the time, and Captain Mooers had begged to be permitted to arm his ship ere setting out, but the Quaker merchant said there must be no fighting on his vessels. A few days out a cruiser discovered them and gave chase. She drew so near that the balls began to whistle about, and Mr. Rotch, horrified at the sound of strife, rushed on deck and ordered Captain Mooers to strike his flag. ‘Mr. Rotch,’ said Captain Mooers, ‘go below; I have the deck,’ and he held on his course. At the same moment the breeze freshened, and the *Maria’s* wide spread of canvas enabled her to take herself out of harm’s way. It is not on record that Mr. Rotch ever disciplined his captain for this cavalier disregard of orders.

“It is something, is it not, to have talked with a man who has been in the whale’s mouth? That man was Capt. Edmund Gardner, a descendant of John Swain, Jr., the first white male child born on Nantucket. He began his sea life in 1801, in the ship *Union*, Grafton

Gardner, commander, and succeeded to the Captaincy in 1807, at the same time sailing to the Pacific on a whaling voyage. Twenty days out a huge sperm whale struck the ship, and she immediately sank, Captain and crew escaping in their three whale-boats, in which, after many adventures, they safely reached the Azores. There Captain Gardner found another ship, and in her made a noble sperm-whale voyage. In 1816, while on another voyage in the same ship, on the Peruvian coast, in an encounter with a sperm whale, his boat was knocked into splinters, and he was precipitated into the monster's mouth. The horrible jaws closed on him, then opened and cast him out. The mate's boat took him up for dead. One hand was gone, and there was an indentation in his head deep enough to hold an egg. The mate made all sail for the port of Païta, in Peru, where they soon arrived. It being the hot season there, the doctor said the wounded man must be taken up into the mountains, where the cool breezes would serve to restore him. This was actually accomplished. He regained his ship, completed his voyage, and arrived home in New Bedford in 1817, to the great joy of his owners, the Rotches and Rodmans.

“Reuben R. Pinkham was another of our great masters. An anecdote of him is well worth repeating. In 1833 the United States frigate *Potomac*, Commodore John Downes in command, was crossing the North Pacific on her voyage round the world.

Reuben R. Pinkham was her third lieutenant. One day, near sunset, Pinkham had the watch, and the Commodore was walking the deck. The wind, which before was fresh, had increased to a gale, topgallant sails were handed down, topsails reefed, and the spanker brailed up, when all at once Pinkham gave the order: 'Man the weather head braces, weather main brace, weather main topsail brace, lee crojeck (crossjack) braces.' 'What is that for, Mr. Pinkham?' asked the Commodore. 'We shall have the wind out here in a moment, sir,' said Pinkham, stretching his arm out and pointing to leeward. With that the Commodore ran over to the lee rail and looked anxiously out in the direction indicated. Presently he returned and said: 'I see no signs of it, Mr. Pinkham; let the men leave the braces.' With that a number of the crew dropped the ropes, but on Pinkham's calling out 'Keep hold of those braces, every man of you!' they resumed their grasp. The Commodore's face flushed with anger to find his directions thus disregarded, and he called out in a peremptory tone, 'Let the men leave the braces, sir!' Again the crew dropped the ropes, when Pinkham, shaking his trumpet at them, exclaimed, 'Don't any of you dare to let go of those ropes!' At that moment the wind did not die away, but stopped, and the sails flapped against the masts. Raising the trumpet to his lips, Pinkham shouted, 'Haul taut,' and the ponderous yards swung to a reversed direction.

This was hardly done when the wind shot out of the opposite quarter and struck the ship like a sledgehammer. She bent over before it, but shaking the spray from her bows dashed forward unharmed. Commodore Downes said not a word, but rushed into his cabin, and presently the orderly came up to Mr. Pinkham and said the Commodore wished him to send to the first lieutenant to relieve him for a few minutes, as he wished to see him in the cabin. Entering the cabin, Pinkham found the Commodore seated by a table with a decanter of wine and two wine-glasses before him. Pushing one of the latter towards his visitor, he said: 'Take a glass of wine, Mr. Pinkham. Mr. Pinkham, I consider myself indebted to you for my own life, and for the lives of all on board this ship. Had you not hauled the yards just when you did, and had the wind found the ship unprepared, and taken the sails aback, not all the power on earth could have moved the yards, and the ship would have gone down stern foremost. But I tell you frankly that had the wind not come out as you predicted, I would have put you under arrest in two minutes.' 'Commodore Downes,' replied Lieutenant Pinkham, 'I did not intend any disrespect, and I should be sorry if you thought I did, but I have been in these seas before, and am familiar with these sudden changes of wind. I saw undoubted indications of such change then, and knew that I had no time for explanation.'

“Benjamin Hussey was another of our great captains — the first to enter the Falkland Isles in a whaler — my journals say in January, 1785. Before that date he was in Greenland, again off the African coast whaling. When in France Napoleon confiscated his entire property. Then he came to Nantucket, and the people engaged him to inoculate us boys — that was in 1815. I shall never forget his huge head; when he took off his broad beaver I could think of nothing but a half-bushel of brains. In 1817 he returned to France and regained some of his property. With that and the assistance of some of my family, he fitted out from Dunkirk a whaler for the Greenland fishery, where he arrived all safe, but unfortunately soon got entangled in the icebergs. He was at the wheel, steering the vessel, when the ice crushed against the rudder, and threw him over the wheel, breaking his ribs, from which wounds he soon died, May, 1820, then eighty years and five months old.

“It was men of this fiber that William Rotch had in mind when he made his famous reply to George III. Rotch asked for the admission of the Nantucket whale ships and their cargoes to England free of duty. ‘And what wilt thou give me in return?’ asked his Majesty. ‘We will give thee and thy people the young men of my native island,’ replied the intrepid Quaker, and I think the return would have balanced the concession.

“I could fill a volume with anecdotes, but these will

suffice to indicate the character of the men of Nantucket. Remember, too, that I have mentioned but few of the noble men who have sailed from our port and carried its fame to the remotest ports. I was recalling yesterday the names of some of the more notable of those not mentioned — Robert Folger, of the same blood as Franklin's mother and the late Secretary of the Treasury; Joshua Coffin and Shubael Coffin, connections of Sir Isaac Coffin, the baronet; Thomas Hiller; Silas Holmes, the merchant of New York; Gideon Gardner, Resolved Gardner, the latter one of Girard's captains; John Grinnell, Thomas Bunker, Reuben R. Bunker, Jonathan Colesworthy, the East India Captain, John Gardner of Philadelphia, Walter Folger, J. C. Briggs, Joseph Chase, Silas Ives, James Gwin, Ransom Jones, Gideon Ramsdell, Seth Swain, Jacob Barker, Latham Gardner, Thaddeus Coffin, Micajah Gardner, Zebulon Coffin, Robert Mott, and George Pollard, who was with Fulton on the *Clermont* in 1807, when she made her first trip up the Hudson, and Joseph Rotch, who commanded the *Dartmouth* on her first voyage out after the tea had been emptied out of her (the voyage was to London, and on her return she foundered, and Captain Rotch and his crew were taken off by Timothy Folger and brought to Boston, November, 1774), and the Watermans — Thaddeus, Robert, and Robert, Jr. — the latter famed for his quick China passages, seventy-four and

seventy-eight days, which have never been beaten — Alexander Coffin, the London packet master, who conveyed Dr. Franklin's despatches to the Continental Congress, and Nathan Coffin, his grandfather, whom Bancroft cites ('History of the United States,' vol. ix, p. 313) as a noble example of the indomitable spirit of the American patriot, and scores of others, who each achieved such greatness that we might look upon him and say:

Take him for all in all, he was a man,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again.

CHAPTER XIX

WRECKS AND WRECKING

WHILE on the island my friend introduced me to "the Captain's room," one of the institutions of Nantucket.

It is a club room moored alongside the custom house, where the old captains meet morning and evening, smoke Indian pipes, talk over the affairs of the day and indulge in reminiscences of their seafaring days. The stranger, so happy as to be introduced there, hears moving tales of swift voyages, big catches, perilous adventures, storms and wrecks. Of the latter, simply to show the flavor of the place, we note a few.

"One of the strangest wrecks on the coast," remarked Captain R., "occurred before the revolution — in 1774 it was. The man that told me about it, my grandfather, had clean forgotten the vessel's names, but he remembered that they were a schooner and a sloop, and that the skippers were Peleg Swain and David Squires, two famous commanders of those days. Both vessels stood away from Sankaty together, bound on a whaling voyage to the Pacific. They were about fifteen miles off the island verging on to Great Rip, when there

came a cry of 'breakers ahead,' and there, right under their bows, was a smoking surf boiling and breaking on the very spot they had sailed over in making port a month before. The tricky current in one storm had heaped up a bar there. In a moment both struck, with a shock that made their masts reel and every timber shiver. The sea was running high; notwithstanding, the sloop's crew out with their boats and tried to carry an anchor astern, hoping by it to warp her off. The furious sea, however, dumped the anchor under her bows and swept the boat over the bar. Unable to regain the sloop, the boat made for shore, and after an exciting battle with the waves came safely into the harbor. Thirteen of the crew were left on the vessel. She broke up in a few hours, but her quarter deck floated off whole, and the thirteen climbing upon this were swept by the seas upon the sou'east shore and made their way to Sconset. Meantime, hard and fast a mile to lee'ard, was the schooner. Her crew fared worse even, for her boats were shivered at the first crash. They made a raft and tried to gain the shore. paddling with oars and pieces of wood. Nearing Sconset on the evening of the same day, they were being swept by when their shouts aroused the village and the brave fellows there went out and rescued them. Next day the owners sent out a vessel to the scene, but she couldn't find a trace of schooner or sloop — the currents had carried every bit of wreckage, even, away.

So the owners had two fine vessels, with their outfits, worth at least \$30,000, to put on the loss side of the ledger."

"Curious," said an old merchant over in the corner, "how the wrecks come in shoals. Some years scarcely any, and again scores, as was the case on December 21, 24, and 25, 1865.

First to come was the *Eveline Treat*, Captain Philbrook, picked up by Miacomet Rip. The life-saving men saw her, but the sea was too furious for the life-boat, so they fired a line over her bow, drew out a hawser, and started the breeches buoy. Every person came over it safely but the Captain, an old man. As he left the ship the block got jammed and refused to traverse the hawser, so that he hung over the waves a matter of an hour and a half, drenched by the spray and slowly freezing, while fifteen hundred people looked on unable to help. At last a young man of the old heroic stuff, unable longer to see a man drowning before his eyes, stepped from the crowd, threw aside coat and boots, took a knife between his teeth, knotted a light rope to his waist, and giving the free end to the bystanders, went out hand over hand along the hawser, at one moment, as the vessel rolled, held high in air, the next dipped in the raging flood, until he reached the entangled block, freed it, and with the Captain was brought safely back to land. The brave fellow — Frederick W. Ramsdell — received a gold medal for this act, and richly deserved it too.

The excitement over this wreck had scarcely died out when the town was stirred by news of a schooner ashore on the West End.

It was December 24 and the thermometer six degrees below zero, yet almost everybody able-bodied streamed over the downs to the wreck. What a sight she was. From main trucks to water line coated with ice that sparkled in the sun like tiaras of diamonds. The Humane Society's crew was there, launched their boat and reached the wreck though the surf ran high. No one was on board. The crew had taken to their boats and had perished in the sea. An upturned boat and a dead man under it, found later on the beach, told the story of the mariner's fate. The next day — Christmas — came in with a furious sou'east gale, and at an early hour the herald sped through the town with his startling cry, "A wreck, a wreck; a big ship at Surfside!" That is on the south shore three miles from town, directly across the downs, and a boiling, seething mass of water rages there in a sou'easter — we call it Neptune's dinner pot. An appalling sight we beheld there. A noble iron ship of 800 tons, held in the grip of the sands, and pounded by thundering breakers like Titanic hammers, that, striking her, spouted fifty feet in air with the shock. Masts, spars, furniture, cargo they tossed aloft as mere playthings, and as for anything human, it could not have stood the shock of those seas an instant. Every soul had vanished ere we reached

her, and there was naught to do but look on. She proved to be the *Newton*, Captain Herting, only thirty-six hours from New York, bound to Hamburg, Germany, with a miscellaneous cargo, the largest item being 5,000 barrels of kerosene oil. Not a soul of her crew was saved. The Humane Society's crew found, thrown on the bluff, the body, yet warm, of her young second mate, who had just graduated with honor at the Hamburg Naval School. Of the crews of the two vessels the sea gave up fourteen, which were borne to the town and placed in the Methodist church, where funeral rites were held, the pastors of all the churches officiating. Then the unfortunates were buried in the island cemetery with due religious rites, and tidings of their sad fate and directions for reaching their graves were sent to their friends in Germany."

"You would scarcely look for anything funny in wrecks," said another, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "but now and then an incident occurs that has its humorous side. Take, for instance, the case of the good ship *Nathaniel Hooper*, of Boston, Capt. John Bogardus. She struck on South Shoal, off Nantucket, July 8, 1838. To lighten her the Captain threw overboard several hundred boxes of sugar between decks; but as she remained fast and was pounding heavily, he abandoned her, fearing she would go to pieces unexpectedly. The boats reached shore and Captain Bo-

gardus hurried up to Boston to report her loss to the owners. 'Why, man,' said they, 'you are dreaming. The Hooper is safe in her berth at India dock.' Down there posted the Captain, and scarce could believe the evidence of his senses. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Yes, there was the *Hooper*, that he had left aground on South Shoal, with a storm coming up. Hastening back to the owners, they told him the story — how the storm proved to be a heavy shower from the northwest, which blew her off the shoal; that she then drifted off toward Boston, and early next morning was fallen in with by a Gloucester fishing smack, which, scenting salvage, put two men on board, with orders to make the port of Boston. The men navigated her awhile, but finding themselves short-handed, took on three more from another smack they fell in with, and the five successfully took the ship into the harbor."

"For bravery and invention at rescue," said another old sea king from the depths of his armchair, "take the case of the fine ship *Earl of Eglinton*, which left Liverpool in December, 1845, bound for the East Indies via Boston, and on the 14th of March, 1846, after a bitterly stormy passage, found herself embayed in the shoals of Nantucket Sound. At once the startled mariners let go their best bower, but the vessel thumped so that the heavy cable parted and she went adrift amid thunder, lightning, and fog, until about midnight

she struck on Old Man Shoal. At three in the morning, after grinding and thumping three hours, she slipped off into deep water and was carried along by the current, between the rip and island, until daybreak, when the crew, spying a little cove near Tom Never's Head, where the surf seemed less violent, ran her in shore until she grounded in five fathoms of water. The same moment a huge breaker came aboard, swept the deck, filled the cabins, and forced all hands into the rigging. A great crowd soon gathered on shore, almost within hailing distance, but wholly without means of rescue, the surf being too violent for the life-boat, and the Lyle gun and breeches buoy not having been invented. After awhile eight of the crew launched the life-boat and pinnace, and in them attempted to make the shore, but both boats were stove to splinters the moment they touched the surf, and their occupants drowned and pounded to death before the eyes of the horrified spectators. This drove an inventive old whaleman among them to write on a board in large letters: "Bind a line to an oar." The crew on the wreck read the message and did as directed; the surges heaved the oar landward, it was caught with a bluefish drail, a hawser was then attached to the end on the wreck and drawn ashore and made fast. Next our inventor improvised a sling out of an old hames and a bow line which would travel over the hawser, and by means of this extempore breeches buoy, all the remaining crew were rescued.

This device led, no doubt, to the invention of the breeches buoy."

One might collect tales of wrecks as distinctive and interesting as the above sufficient to fill a volume. The whole coast of the island is lined with skeletons of wrecks, barnacled old timbers, planks, spars, bolts, and other mementoes of the sea's treachery and fury. The fields are fenced, and the barns and outhouses covered with the spoil of wrecks. Over in "Sconset" they have a weird fancy for nailing stern planks of wrecked vessels bearing the ship's name over the lintels of the doors as a sort of figurehead, and the cottager's fire snaps and sparkles mainly on the drift of wrecks cast up at his door. It burns with a greenish flame, this wreck timber, and exhales a strong sea odor. A poetical friend of mine asserts that it is prolific of eldritch fancies.

CHAPTER XX

NANTUCKET ENTERTAINS THE GOVERNOR

WHEN my friend was not telling sea stories, I was curled up in his library, poring over a mass of scrap books, log books, old letters, etc., of which he had great store. In one of these scrap books, I unearthed the following account of Governor Lincoln's visit to Nantucket before the day of steam-boats, written by one of the members of his staff — no less a personage indeed than Josiah Quincy himself.

My friend regarded the time-stained pages with interest. "Yes," he said, "that was in September, 1825. The party comprised the Governor, Hezekiah Barnard, Treasurer of State; Aaron Hill, Postmaster of Boston; Colonel Davis, he who was later the Hon. Josiah Quincy, but was then a young man just out of college, and acting as private secretary to the Governor; Miss Abby Hedge, and three other sprightly and charming young ladies whose names are not given. The party proceeded by stage to Falmouth, on Cape Cod, where they found the Nantucket packet ready to sail, and also a head wind which prevented her doing anything of the sort. 'Oh! those head winds,' exclaims

the narrator; 'what plagues they were to those who were in a hurry to leave our harbors, and how steam has lengthened the lives of travelers by sparing them those dreary waits. We had risen at a most uncomfortable hour to post on to Falmouth; and here we might remain a week, unless the wind condescended to blow from some quarter that would allow our vessel to get out of the bay. We accepted this fact with such philosophy as was available, listening the while to the prognostications of the skippers, and frequently gazing at the heavens for such hope or consolation as they might supply. But we were not on this occasion to be tried beyond our strength, for as the sun went down the wind hauled several points, and we were off.

“Concerning the passage, I will only observe that the Nantucket packet, although it carried the ruler of a sovereign State, could by no means transform itself into a royal yacht. We were stowed in narrow bunks in an indiscriminate and vulgar manner, and took such repose as we might till two o'clock in the morning, when a sudden thud, followed by an unpleasant swashing sound about the vessel's sides, brought us to our feet to inquire what had happened. “All right,” said the skipper. “Just you lie still till morning; we're aground on Nantucket Bar. That's all.” Thus adjured, we thought it best to remain below, till a faint suspicion of dawn struggled into the cabin, and gave us an excuse for coming upon deck. Several whaling-

ships, anchored outside the harbor, loomed to gigantic proportions in the gray morning. "There is Yankee perseverance for you," exclaimed the Governor. "Would they believe in Europe that a port which annually sends eighty of these whalers to the Pacific has a harbor which a sloop drawing eight feet of water cannot enter?"

"Soon after sunrise the tide lighted us over the bar, and it was not long before two whale-boats were seen pulling sturdily for the packet. In the stern of one sat Mr. Barker Burnell, and in the other Mr. Macy, both leading men to whom the islanders had delegated the duties of reception. And full of modest cordiality was our meeting by the occupants of the boats, and by the crowd of citizens who had assembled upon the shore to see the Governor land. There was no pushing or vulgar staring; indeed, there was a certain pervading air of diffidence, by no means characteristic of street assemblies upon the continent; but the heartiest goodwill beamed from sober faces, when the long spell was broken and the Executive fairly stood upon Nantucket sands.

"As there was no house sufficiently capacious to accommodate our party, it was divided among the hospitable inhabitants, the Governor and Colonel Davis being entertained by Mr. Macy, Treasurer Barnard by Mr. Hill, and the youngest aide-de-camp by Mr. Burnell. And then came visits to the whale-ships and the spermaceti works, dinners and evening receptions, the latter

being graced by the presence of very pretty young women. Then on Saturday morning carriages were ordered to take us to Siasconset, that is, it will sound better to call them carriages, but they were in fact springless tip-carts very like those used at the present day for the carting of gravel. The ancient Romans, when enjoying a triumph, appear to have ridden in two-wheeled vehicles, bearing considerable resemblance to that in which our Massachusetts chieftain passed through the admiring streets of Nantucket. But none of these old heroes balanced himself more deftly in his chariot, took its jolts with more equanimity, or bowed more graciously to the populace, than did good Governor Lincoln when undergoing his transportation by tip-cart. There are some personalities which seem to supply their own pageantry. Mr. Pickwick is not extinguished even when trundled in a wheelbarrow. The escort, however, rather wilted before they reached Siasconset, and found the noble chowder there prepared for their commander-in-chief very acceptable.

“The Governor’s visit may be said to have reached its crisis in a solemn reception at the insurance office, whither repaired all the leading citizens to be presented to their guest. Many of them were old whalers, simple and intelligent, yet with that air of authority which the habit of command exercised in difficult situations is sure to give. Their ruddy health, strong nerves, and abundant energy made one suspect that

there were some of the finest human qualities which are not to be tested by the examinations of Harvard College. I was introduced to several of these men who had never been on the continent of North America, though they had visited South America and the Pacific islands. I have noted also talking with one Quaker gentleman of sixty, who had seen no other horizon than that which bounds Nantucket. The Friends, being the oldest and most respectable body of Christians, gave their somber color to the town and their thrifty ways to those holding its purse-strings. For instance, when it was complained that Nantucket, the greatest depot of spermaceti and whale oil in the whole world, was likewise its darkest corner in the evening, it was replied that it would be culpably extravagant to consume at home in street lanterns oil that had been procured for exportation. Moreover, the reckless innovater was invited to impale himself upon one of the horns of this little dilemma: Oil was either high or low. Now, if it was low, the citizens could not afford to pay the tax; but if it was high, the town could not afford to purchase it.

“After the reception we all went to the barber-shop, not to be shaved, but to inspect the collection of South Sea curiosities of which this functionary was the custodian. And here we lingered until it was time to prepare for the grand party in honor of the Governor, which would furnish a brilliant conclusion to his visit.

This party was given by Mr. Aaron Mitchell, and was said to be the finest in all its appointments that the island had yet known. There was, of course, no dancing, but the number of beautiful and lively young women impressed me as exceeding anything that could be looked for in a similar gathering upon the mainland, and filled me with regrets that we were to sail at day-break the next morning. My journal relates how I was expressing my feelings in this particular to a bright bevy of these girls when Hezekiah Barnard suddenly joined our group and put in this remark: "Friend, if thou really wishest to tarry on our island, thou hast only to persuade one of these young women to put a black cat under a tub, and surely there will be a head wind to-morrow." This sailor's superstition, of which I had never heard, was the cause of much pleasantry. The ladies united in declaring that there was not a black cat in all Nantucket, they having been smothered under tubs to retain husbands and brothers who were bound for the southern seas. At last Miss Baxter (the prettiest girl in the room, says my record) confessed to the possession of a black kitten. "But then would this do? Surely, a very heavy and mature pussy, perhaps even two of them, would be required to keep a Governor against his will." "Yes, but then an aide-de-camp would certainly be kept by a kitten, even if it were not weaned, and Miss Baxter had only to dismiss the Governor from her thoughts and concentrate

them upon his humble attendant, and the charm would work." I do not know whether young people talk in this way now, or whether they are as glad as Miss Baxter and I were to find some topic other than the weather to ring our simple changes on; but I should refrain from personal episodes in this historical epic, which deals with the august movements of the Governor. It is well for us chroniclers to remember that the *ego et rex meus* way of telling things once got poor Cardinal Wolsey into a good deal of difficulty.

"“Wind dead ahead,” were the words with which Mr. Burnell called me the next morning. “The Governor must spend Sunday on the island and we will show him a Quaker meeting and Micajah Coffin.” An account of both these objects of interest finds its place in my journal. At the Friends’ Society we sat for nearly an hour in absolute silence, and this seemed to me very favorable to reflection and devotional feeling. There was something in the absence of any human expression in the awful presence of the Maker which struck me as a more fitting homage than any words or ceremony could convey. It was only when two women felt themselves moved by the spirit to address the assembly that my feelings underwent a quick revulsion, and I acknowledged that for the majority of Christians, at least, a trained and learned clergy would long be indispensable.

“After meeting, the Governor and his staff paid a visit of ceremony to Micajah Coffin, the oldest and most

respected citizen of the island. At a time when the rulings of etiquette were far more stringent than at present, it was doubted whether the representative of a sovereign State could properly call upon a private person who had not first waited upon him. Lincoln's decision that this case should be an exception to all general rules was no less creditable to the magistrate than gratifying to the islanders. For good friend Coffin, then past ninety, was at times unable to command his memory, and his friends had not thought it right to subject him to the excitements of the reception at the insurance office. For twenty-two years this venerable man had represented Nantucket in the Massachusetts General Court. In his youth he had worked at carpentering, and gone whaling in a sloop, bringing home on one occasion two hundred barrels of sperm oil, which made its owner a rich man. These latter particulars I learn from Mr. William C. Folger of Nantucket, who remembers Mr. Coffin as a tall old gentleman dressed in the style of a past age. And one thing more Mr. Folger mentions of which the significance will presently appear. Benjamin Coffin, the father of Micajah, was one of Nantucket's best schoolmasters for about half a century. I had been looking in vain through college catalogues to explain a singular circumstance which my journal relates, but the appearance of Benjamin Coffin, the schoolmaster, suggests the true solution of the difficulty. When this

patriarch of Nantucket was presented to the Governor, it made so little impression upon him that he instantly forgot the presence of the chief Magistrate; and yet a moment afterwards he astonished us with one of those strange feats of memory which show with how tight a grip the mysterious nerve-centers of which we hear so much hold what has been committed to them. For, having a dim consciousness that something out of the common was expected of him, the venerable man turned suddenly upon Postmaster Hill and proceeded to harangue that very modest gentleman in a set Latin speech. It was one of those occurrences which might appear either sad or droll to the bystanders, and I hope it does not reflect upon the good feelings of the party to mention that we found its comic aspect quite irresistible. There was poor Mr. Hill, overcome with mortification at being mistaken for the Governor, and shrinking from fine Latin superlatives which, under this erroneous impression, were discharged at him. And when the Postmaster at the conclusion of the address felt that he was bound in courtesy to make some response (which of course could not be in the vernacular), and could hit upon nothing better than "*Oui, Monsieur, je vous remercie,*" the climax was reached, and even the Governor was forced to give audible expression to his sense of the ridiculous. And thus it was that testimony was given to the good instruction of Master Benjamin Coffin. The father had

undoubtedly taught his son Latin as a spoken language, as the custom formerly was. The lessons were given in the first half of the eighteenth century, and here am I in the concluding fifth of the nineteenth able to testify to the thoroughness of the teaching.

“Micajah Coffin lived for little more than a year after the visit of Lincoln. “In his old age,” says Mr. Folger, “he took an interest in visiting the sick, and aiding them in procuring native plants, suited to cure, or at least to relieve, their various maladies.” I learn also that in his rambles about Nantucket, when he met a face that was unknown to him, he was accustomed to stop and give this challenge: “Friend, my name is Micajah Coffin; what is thine?” It was the robust personality of which there was no reason to be ashamed, and testifies to the reasonableness of the high esteem in which his character and services were held.

“Early Monday morning we left Nantucket with a breeze which carried us to New Bedford in six hours. The Governor’s reception in that town, the courtesy of the Selectmen, the magnificent hospitalities of the Rotches and Rodmans, my space compels me to omit. One word, however, of the picture presented by the venerable William Rotch, standing between his son and grandson, the elder gentlemen being in their Quaker dresses, and the youngest in the fashionable costume of the day. “You will never see a more ideal representation of extreme age, middle life, and vigorous

maturity than is given by these three handsome and intelligent men," said Governor Lincoln to me as we left the house. Up to this date at least his prediction has been verified.'"

CHAPTER XXI

THE MASHPEES, 1885

ONE of the strangest anomalies I have met, in my rambles over Cape Cod, is an Indian township, owned and officered by Indians; its schools and churches supported by Indians, and its public affairs conducted by them. The town is called Mashpee — the aboriginal name of the people that inhabit it — and lies in the southwestern corner of Barnstable County, barely sixty miles from Boston, on the shore of Vineyard Sound. Sandwich, Falmouth, and Barnstable are adjoining towns. In area it comprises some sixteen square miles — or 10,500 acres — much of it forest, lake, and marsh. The existence of this aboriginal township is almost unknown to the general public, and its history is obscure though interesting. Much of it is of a nature to make the white man blush for his race.

At the time the *Mayflower* furled her sails off Cape Cod, the Mashpees were spread over its entire surface, though their chief villages were near the narrow neck that joins it to the mainland, in the vicinity of the present Mashpee. After Sandwich and Barnstable were settled the churches there began the work of

civilizing and Christianizing the Indians in their midst. The Rev. Richard Bourne seems to have been the first resident missionary, having been installed August 17, 1660, Eliot and other ministers assisting. Before this, seeing that the Indians were rapidly being despoiled of their lands by white settlers, he procured of them a deed for some twenty-two square miles of land surrounding their villages, intending that it should be entailed after his death for the benefit of the Indians and their children. This was done, his son, after the father's death, procuring a ratification of the deed by the court at Plymouth, and an entailment of the lands to the Indians and their children forever, with a clause that the lands should never be sold without the consent of all the tribe. This was the origin of the Mashpee reservation. Mr. Bourne was fairly successful in his work. In 1674 he reported the number of "paying" Indians at Satuit, Pawpoeset, Coatuit, Mashpee, and Wakoquett as being ninety-five, of which twenty-four could read and ten write. At the same time he confessed that many were loose in their course, to his "heart-breaking sorrow." His successor in the work was an Indian named Solomon Popmonet, who served the people forty years. During his ministry, in 1711, the Rev. Daniel Williams, of London, Eng., bequeathed by will a large sum to be placed in the hands of the "College of Cambridge in New England," "for the work of converting the Indians there." The trustees of this

fund have since devoted its proceeds largely to the Mashpees, and it now forms the chief support of the resident missionary among them.

From 1693 to 1763 the Indians appear to have lived contentedly enough on their reservation, under the care of guardians appointed by the General Court, although they retrograded in morals, despite the efforts of the missionaries who resided among them. Fire-water, the bane of the red man, seems to have been their greatest enemy, and the negroes and renegade white men who flocked to the reservation, intermarried and became members of the community, were a fruitful source of corruption. The missionaries during this period were the Rev. Joseph Bourne, Solomon Bryant, an Indian, and the Rev. Gideon Hawley, of Stratford, Conn., who had previously been a missionary to the Stockbridge Indians under Jonathan Edwards. Mr. Hawley was not favorably impressed by the Mashpees on first coming among them. "The Indians," he says, "appeared abject and widely different from the Iroquois. They were clad according to the English mode, but a half-naked savage was less disagreeable to me than Indians who had lost their independence." In 1763 the General Court passed its first act of aggression— an act erecting Mashpee into a district. By this law the entire government of the tribe was confided to five Overseers, two of whom were to be Englishmen, to be elected by the proprietors

in public meeting. The act also provided for the election of a Town Clerk and Treasurer, both to be Englishmen. A majority of the Overseers had the sole power to regulate the fishery, to lease such lands and fisheries as were held in common for not exceeding two years, and to allot to the Indians their upland and meadows. The law was to continue in force only three years, but when the year 1766 came the aggressions of the mother country occupied the entire attention of the colony, and the act was not revived. It is said, however, that the Indians still continued to choose their Overseers under the charter of 1763, though without authority, and that it was the only government they had during the Revolution. In the struggle of the colonies for liberty the Mashpees sustained a worthy part. Their petition to the Legislature in 1835 recites that when a continental regiment of four hundred men was raised in Barnstable County in 1777, twenty-seven Mashpee Indians enlisted for the whole war. "They fought through the war," it continues, "and not one survives. After the war our fathers had sixty widows left on the plantation whose husbands had died or been slain." They were also expert whalers, and aided largely in manning the whaling fleets of Barnstable and New Bedford.

In 1788 the oppression of the poor Mashpees began in earnest. The Legislature of that year repealed all former laws, and placed them absolutely in charge of a

Board of Guardians, in whose selection the Indians had no choice. There were at this time eighty families on the reservation. This act reduced them to virtual slavery. The Guardians had absolute control of their persons and property. They leased the Indian lands and tenements, drew and regulated all bargains, contracts, and wages, bound out children of both sexes to the whites without consent of their parents, and could indenture to a master any adult proprietor whom they should adjudge an idler or drunkard, and appropriate his earnings as they saw fit. But this was not all. As years passed the lands of the Indians and their fishing and hunting privileges became exceedingly valuable, and excited the cupidity of the neighboring whites. Fishermen came into the bays and inlets for the herring and mackerel that abounded there. Their lakes and preserves were raided on, and the hay on their meadows and the wood in their forests were cut and carted away with the most unblushing effrontery. During all this time no provision was made by the State for the education of the Indian children. They had no benefit of the school fund of the State; were not even included in the census returns, and the Indian children were bound out by the Overseers with the understanding that they were not to be educated. In 1835, however, when public attention was directed to the wrongs of the Mashpees, Massachusetts partly atoned for past neglect by appropriating one hundred dollars annually for the educa-

tion of these helpless wards. Their share as a town would have been but fifteen dollars.

By 1833 the Mashpees had become exceedingly restive under this condition of affairs, and the bolder spirits among them were earnestly longing for liberty. At length a village Hampden, Daniel Amos, a ship-master, more intelligent than his brethren, matured a plan for their escape. A methodist preacher, William Apes, a native of the Pequot tribe of Connecticut, was the Cromwell whom he employed to effect his purpose. Apes was a man of firmness, an eloquent speaker, and had the talent and address which the Mashpees lacked. In the course of a visiting tour among them, early in 1833, he preached for them, and was invited to become their pastor, they having become dissatisfied with the preaching of the settled missionary, the Rev. Mr. Fish. He consented, and early in May settled among them as their pastor. On the 21st of May the Mashpees assembled in their Council-house, and as their first act adopted Mr. Apes as a member of the tribe. They next prepared two petitions, one to the Governor and Council, complaining against the Overseers and the laws relating to the tribe, and one to the corporation of Harvard College, against the missionary. To these papers they affixed a series of resolutions in the nature of a declaration of independence, as follows: "Resolved, That we as a tribe will rule ourselves, and have the right to do so; for all men are born free and equal, says

the Constitution of our country." "Resolved, That we will not permit any white man to come upon our plantation to cut or carry off wood or hay or any other article, without our permission, after the 1st of July next." "Resolved, That we will put said resolutions in force after that date, with the penalty of binding and throwing them from the plantation if they will not stay away without." On the 25th of June succeeding they adopted a form of government, concerted laws, and appointed officers, twelve in all, to execute them. Having thus organized, they informed the Overseers and public at large of their intentions by the following "notice": "Having been heretofore distressed, degraded, and robbed daily, we have taken steps to put a stop to these things; and having made choice of our own town officers, . . . we would say to our white friends, we are wanting nothing but our rights betwixt man and man. And now rest assured that said resolutions will be enforced after the first day of July, 1833." They then proceeded to discharge the Overseers, missionary, and other officers appointed by the State.

These proceedings excited the utmost surprise and alarm among the neighboring whites, and a messenger was despatched to Governor Lincoln at Worcester, apprising him that an insurrection had broken out among the Mashpees, and praying for protection. Meantime the first of July came, and the Mashpees,

finding a white man named Sampson carting wood from their reservation, proceeded to put their resolutions in force. He was asked to unload the stolen property, and on his refusing three or four of the Indians quickly unloaded the cart, the man being allowed to depart unmolested. On receiving news of the threatened insurrection Governor Lincoln despatched an envoy to Mashpee with instructions to call a council of the tribe, listen to their grievances, and, if possible, effect an amicable settlement. The council was held, but in the midst of its deliberations the High Sheriff of Barnstable County approached William Apes with a warrant for his arrest, on charges of riot, assault, and trespass, the complaint being brought by Sampson, the man whose cart had been unloaded a few days before. The clergyman quietly submitted and accompanied the Sheriff to Cotuit, where his examination was conducted. He pleaded not guilty, nor were the charges sustained by the witnesses brought against him, yet under an alleged law against "constructive riot" he was bound over to appear at the next session of the Court of Common Pleas for Barnstable County. The trial came off in due time, and was perhaps the most shameful perversion of justice that ever disgraced the Bay State. The jurors were bitterly prejudiced against the prisoner. The Judge, it was said at the time, had predetermined that he should be brought in guilty; he was therefore convicted, and sentenced to

thirty days' imprisonment with common felons in the county jail. The sentence created much comment. The liberal press of the State denounced it as an outrage, and eminent members of the bar spoke of it as a travesty on justice. Apes quietly served out his sentence, and by his martyrdom won the manumission of his brethren.

The publicity given this affair thoroughly informed the Commonwealth as to the true status of the Mashpees before the law, and the Legislature of 1834 partially righted their wrongs by erecting the reservation into a district, and allowing them the right of choosing their local officers. The odious feature of a Commissioner to supervise their affairs was still retained, however, to the great dissatisfaction of the people, and it was not until 1842 that the office was abolished, and the Indians allowed to manage their affairs in their own way. Up to that time the lands of the reservation had been held in common; now they were apportioned among the "proprietors," each one, whether male or female, receiving sixty acres as his or her own. Several thousand acres remained undivided, and were sold in 1870 for \$7,700 for the benefit of the tribe. Universal suffrage made the Indian, as well as the negro, a citizen, and in 1870 Mashpee was incorporated a town, and has since continued to enjoy municipal privileges.

Desirous of judging for himself of the present con-

dition and prospects of this ancient people, the writer recently paid them a visit. Sandwich, on the Old Colony road, a pretty village, noted for its production of fine glassware, is the nearest point reached by railway, and there I took a carriage for the Indian village, some ten miles distant. Our road led over the backbone of the Cape, through the oak scrub so common to the region, but now scorched and blackened by one of the terrible fires that periodically ravage it. We could see the fire raging then, two or three miles to the westward, and had learned before setting out that it had burned two or three barns and farmhouses in West Sandwich the night before. We had striking proof of its energy in the green leaves burned from the oaks to their summits, and in the ease with which it had leaped the roadway to continue its destructive work beyond. Near the verge of the burnt district we saw a deep, wide trench leading into the forest, which the driver — a Mashpee Indian, by the way, and quite intelligent — said extended for several miles, and had been dug by the citizens to stop the spread of the flames. A little further on we met a warden pacing his appointed beat, to see that no embers were whirled over the line into the dry leaves, to start a new conflagration. Six miles out we came to the crest of a hill and looked down upon a beautiful lake some three miles long, covering the whole area of a narrow valley. Its shores were irregular and wooded, and there were two green islands in

its center. The driver called it Mashpee Pond, and expatiated largely on the fine trout, pickerel, perch, and bass to be taken in its waters. We swept around the eastern shore of the pond, and in half an hour were at Mashpee — a hamlet of thirty or forty one-story cottages, most of them unpainted, and scattered about in the open fields. The Rev. William Hurst, of the Baptist Church, is now the resident missionary, and from him I gathered some interesting particulars of the present condition of the Indians. There are some three hundred and fifty members of the tribe now living in the town, of whom only two or three are pure bloods. They live in some seventy dwellings, scattered over the reservation. The church stands near the center of the town, a plain edifice, differing little from the ordinary country chapel. I was struck with the aptness of William Apes's description written in 1832: "The sacred edifice stood in the midst of a noble forest, and seemed to be about one hundred years old. Hard by was an Indian burial-ground, overgrown with pines, in which the graves were ranged north and south. A delightful brook, fed by some of the sweetest springs in Massachusetts, murmured beside it." Mr. Hurst preaches to a congregation of from seventy-five to one hundred each Sunday, and has a membership of sixty, only one of whom is white. He derives his support in part from the Indians, but chiefly from the Williams fund, which

yields an annual stipend of \$550. There is a parsonage and an acre of land belonging to the parish. A Sunday school is held the year round. There are frequent temperance concerts and lectures, and a lyceum is maintained in the winter.

Mr. Hurst reports his parishoners fully up to the average of white communities in morals and piety.

The women are much more industrious than the men, showing the force of inherited tendencies, but the latter are much more ambitious and thrifty than formerly. They till their fields, hunt, fish, pick berries, work on the cranberry bogs, of which there are several in the town, and follow the sea. Two schools were kept in the town the past season—one by a young gentleman from Boston, the other by the pastor's daughter, the average attendance being seventy-six. I visited several of the Indians at their homes. Solomon Attaguin, a tall, dignified, finely formed old man, is chief among them, being postmaster, justice of the peace, and tavern keeper. He favored me with a clear and intelligent history of his people, differing little from the account given in the books, and entertained me with accounts of his own prowess in the hunt, and of the adventures of Boston sportsmen who had come down every autumn to hunt deer and wild fowl. It seemed odd to hear of stalking deer within sixty miles of Boston.

CHAPTER XXII

PROVINCETOWN

IT is doubtful if another village can be found so sinned against by the literary guild as Provincetown. Three generations of writers have made it a target for their wit, and the place has come to be viewed by the outside world only through an atmosphere of metaphor and exaggerated description. Without question, there is much of the quaint and primitive in the village, and many elsewhere obsolete customs obtain, but I think the serious student in his study of the town will be moved not so much by his sense of the grotesque as by admiration for the courage and energy that founded and has sustained a village on this sand heap, miles away from any center of supplies.

From Town Hill, an immense sand dune overtopping the village roofs, one gets an admirable idea of the town's isolated and exposed position. The summit of this hill is encircled by an iron fence, and, being well supplied with settees, makes a delightfully unique park, much affected by the townsmen. Looking east, the place is seen extending for three miles along the curve of a harbor, that, for perfect protection from wind and

wave, is the wonder of the physicist. If one stretches out both arms, then curves right fingers, hand, and arm, bringing it within an inch of his outstretched left, he will describe the configuration of Provincetown Harbor — his right arm representing Long Point, the extreme tip of Cape Cod, and his body and left arm the north shore of the cape, trending toward the main land. The harbor has a depth of from three to fourteen fathoms, and is two miles in width. The town is an irregular mass of wooden buildings, built on the narrow beach, barely one hundred feet wide, which intervenes between the water and the sand-hills. Two narrow streets follow the trend of the coast, thickly lined with stores and dwellings. Until within a few years these streets were mere sand, through which horse and pedestrian waded toilsomely, but of late earth and gravel have been carted in and a solid roadbed formed, while a narrow plank-walk has been laid on one side of the street. Along the water-front the old town is seen in its purity; quaint, weather-beaten structures are here: cooper's shop, boat-shop, fish-house, ship-chandler's stores, commission offices, and in striking contrast the neatly-painted village hotel, built on piles over the bay, its favored guests lulled to sleep every night by the ripple of the waves. On the docks fishermen are cleaning the morning's catch of mackerel, and "Bankers" just in are landing the spoil won from the Banks or stormy Labrador. In open spaces between

the docks long lines of dories are drawn up, nets are drying in the sun, and codfish are curing in flakes, or lie piled in immense heaps, waiting for the packer. The dwellings are nestled near the bases of the dunes: some homes of wealth and refinement, furnished with all modern appointments, some quaint and venerable; some hidden in trees and shrubbery, others bare to the sun; and some, in the Portuguese quarter, squalid and poverty-stricken.

Looking landward from our hilltop, as far as the eye can reach, one sees an arid waste of sand heaped in curiously shaped hills, some covered with beach grass, some with scrub oak and stunted shrubs, others bare and white in the sunlight. It is hardly three miles across from Massachusetts Bay on the north to the Atlantic on the south.

Nothing edible can be raised on these sand heaps. Provincetown cattle are fed on hay and grain imported from Boston. The butter, vegetables, and fruit on the hotel table come from far down the Cape.

Nothing is indigenous but fish, and one's first query is how a town came to be founded at all on the further end of this desolate sand spit. It was the ocean, and above all the harbor, that gave it its excuse for being.

Gosnold first discovered the harbor in 1602, and rested here several days, refitting his bark. Hendrik Hudson put in here in 1609, a few weeks before the discovery of the Hudson. In his journal, under date

of June 15, 1609, he gives a quaint account of his discovery of a mermaid which will bear repeating: "Here," he says, "we saw a mermaid in the water, looking up earnestly at the men. From the waist up, her back and breasts like a woman's, her body as big as one of us, her skin very white, and long hair hanging down behind, of color black. In her going down they saw her tail, like the tail of a porpoise, and speckled like mackerel." The harbor has a place on Captain John Smith's map of 1614 as Milford Haven. When the *Mayflower* was nearing the American coast she cast anchor here on the 11th of November, 1620. The men went ashore to explore, to talk with the Indians, and gather odorous woods — birch, sassafras, spruce — which then grew in abundance on the sand-hills; the women to do their washing at a spring of soft water that gushed out on the beach. Here the famous compact was signed and Peregrine White was born. The grave elders, however, saw no site for their town on these sands, and after a few days the *Mayflower* coasted along the shores of Cape Cod. The Pilgrims discovered vast schools of cod and other food fish in these waters, which was reported in England, and drew many vessels from thence which engaged in the fishery. Later colonial vessels resorted thither. Then a few fishermen built huts on the shore, the better to pursue their calling, and Provincetown was founded. It was made a district in 1714, in connection with Truro, the adjoining town, and in

1727 was formed into a township, the inhabitants, from their exposed and perilous position, being exempted from taxation and military duty. By 1748, we are told, so many had removed or been lost at sea that only three houses were left. The census of 1764 makes no mention of it. Thirty-six families were reported in 1776. Its experience in the war of 1812 will bear relating. The fine harbor and good water caused it to be made a rendezvous for the British fleet during the entire war. Only a few weeks after war was declared a British squadron, commanded by Commodore Hayes, dropped anchor in the harbor. For men to whom free egress to the ocean was indispensable to a livelihood this proceeding was most alarming. The Commodore, however, quickly divined their trouble, and sent them a permit allowing the fishing-boats to go out, on condition that the townsmen filled his casks with water. This was done, the boats coming in with full cargoes, and the old men and boys filling the water-casks and rolling them to the water's edge. But the shrewd fishermen were guilty of a trick which the Britons little suspected. The overplus of fish caught they pickled, then conveyed stealthily in their dories to Sandwich, hauled boats and cargoes across Cohasset Narrows with oxen, then launched them on Buzzard's Bay, and sped away to New London, New Haven, and even to New York, where they exchanged their fish for flour, sugar, and other necessities, which were returned in

the same manner to Provincetown. After the war the growth of the fisheries was rapid, and the town rose from a population of 812 in 1814 to 3,096 in 1855. The census of 1880 gives it a population of 4,443.

CHAPTER XXIII

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, 1882

ONE summer day, in 1882, at the old whaling port of New Bedford, we boarded the steamer *River Queen* for the Vineyard. Our steamer we soon discovered to have a history, having been President Lincoln's despatch boat during the late war, and on board of her, at Hampton Roads, in that memorable February of 1865, he met the Peace Commissioners to arrange the terms of the great treaty. It was some satisfaction to know that the armchairs and other furniture of the cabin were the same used on that famous occasion. To-day the *Queen* ploughs the waves as sturdily as any craft of more prosaic antecedents. Our direction is nearly due east, across Buzzard's Bay. Land is in sight on all sides. Southward a great whaler looms up while making her offing. Another is coming in, escorted by a tug. A hundred sails fleck the bay. Fishing-boats, "held to the wind and slanting low," are trolling for bluefish and bass. The incoming Vineyard steamer sweeps by cityward, with a salute. The sky is as blue as the waves, and the salt sea-breeze exhilarates one like new

wine. By and by — it is an hour and a half, to be exact — we approach the opposite shores — the Elizabeth Isles — and seem to be running directly upon them, when suddenly we veer to the west and enter a narrow passage that for its rocks, currents, and general intricacy must have been made solely for Captain Kidd and other freebooters. It connects Buzzard's Bay with Vineyard Sound. Jagged boulders rise perilously near the steamer, and the water rushes through with the velocity of a mill-race; but our captain has never known an accident to occur here.

Through this passage the steamer picks her way, stopping in the midst of it at Wood's Holl, terminus of the Wood's Holl branch of the Old Colony Railroad, to receive passengers from Boston to the Vineyard. Then it goes on, and a few moments later glides out into Vineyard Sound, and we see across its water, seven miles distant, a low, irregularly outlined island, whose salient features seem to be clay headlands, barren plains, and hills crowned with groves of stunted oaks. This is Martha's Vineyard, seen at its northern and most sparsely populated end. It is twenty miles long east and west, the captain tells us, and twelve in width. Its northern, western, and southern shores contain scarcely a hamlet, and but a few scattered farmers and fishermen for inhabitants. The eastern shore is but a succession of cottage cities — Vineyard Haven, Eastville Highlands, Oak Bluffs, Edgartown, and Katama.

Martha's Vineyard, so recently discovered by the moderns, is really quite venerable in history. That famous navigator, Bartholomew Gosnold, discovered it in 1602, sailing southward from Cape Cod, and landing here to get water for his ships and provisions from the Indians. He found here trees, shrubs, and luxuriant grape-vines, and the natural inference is that he gave the island its peculiar name. But from the pleasant after-dinner talk of the antiquaries of the Corn Exchange here in Edgartown, I gather that there is a different version of its origin. All these coast islands — so the legend runs — once belonged to a great magnate, who was blessed with four daughters. Dying, he gave Rhode Island to his daughter Rhoda, the Elizabeth Isles to Elizabeth, Martha's Vineyard to Martha. Here he died, and as to the fourth island, the last daughter Nantook-it.

Most visitors to the Vineyard stop at Cottage City, of which I shall speak more at length presently, but Edgartown has proved more attractive to me. It is quaint, old-fashioned, wealthy, conservative, one of the oldest towns on the continent, for it has been well established by the village antiquarians, that a famous recluse, Martin Pring, landed here seventeen years before the coming of the Pilgrims, and here lived, a settled inhabitant, from June until August. No permanent settlement was effected, however, until 1642, when Thomas Mayhew founded a colony here, and in 1671 succeeded

in having it incorporated a town by the Government of New York, with himself as Governor. The town was one of the earliest ports to engage in the whale fishery; indeed, the islanders have a saying that it was founded on the backs of the whales it captured. The delightful old mansions that line its streets were gained in this way; and the portly, well-preserved old gentlemen, who live in them, and who retail such pleasant marine gossip and old-time sea tales in the Corn Exchange of a morning, were the men who pushed the enterprise forty years ago. It has a fine harbor and an abundance of pure water, and was a famous resort for Nantucket whalers in other days. The town is very proud, too, of its record in the war of the Revolution and in that of 1812. Its exposed position subjected it to frequent descents from the enemy. On the 10th of September, 1778, for instance, the frigate *Scorpion* burned in its harbor one brig of 150 tons, one schooner of seventy tons, and twenty-two whale-boats, and captured in the town 388 stand of arms, with bayonets, pouches, powder, and lead. The enemy also took from the farmers of the vicinity at various times 300 oxen and 10,000 sheep. The town is also the capital of the island, being the county-seat of Duke County, which embraces the Vineyard and Elizabeth Isles, and is fully conscious of the dignity of its position. The Vineyard affords some striking contrasts. Here in Edgartown are old houses built by governors, judges,

and elders two centuries ago, and in the little private burial-places are headstones of these worthies quite as mossy and venerable. In fifteen minutes, taking the little narrow-gage railway that skirts the eastern shore, you stand in busy, bustling Cottage City, fresh from the builder's hands, a center of modern activity.

This city might be aptly characterized as a modern miracle. To-day fifty thousand people are gathered in its cottages. Six weeks hence there will not remain as many hundreds. Twenty years ago it was represented by a few tents. To-day it has avenues with cottages, public parks and drives, concrete streets, miles of shops, a horse railroad, hotels, churches, schools of fame, a Board of Health, a Fire Department, a city charter, and other municipal conveniences and privileges. The town is built on ground that rises gently from the shores of Vineyard Sound, and is prettily laid out in avenues, squares, circles, triangles, and parks. The cottages are ranged along the side of the street in most cases as thickly as hives in an apiary, and present all gradations, from the tent-roofed cot to the ornate Elizabethan villa. The shops have a quarter to themselves; the great hotels are on or near the beach.

One cannot be said to have fairly seen cottage life until he has visited this summer city. A walk through one of its streets affords the stranger a novel experience. It may be Pequot, Massasoit, Hiawatha, Acushnet, Pocasset, Samoset, or Tuckernuck Avenues that you

take, for all these names, and many others of aboriginal origin, are found in the city. It begins at one of the circles, and curves about gracefully between grass-plots and flower-beds, and beneath young oaks, until it debouches on one of the parks. The first cottage you meet is of the simplest kind, perhaps, known here as "tent-roofed," and, the curtains in front being drawn to admit air, its internal arrangements can be studied to advantage. They seem to be intended entirely for sleeping. Each apartment is separated from the other by curtains, and is furnished with carpet, chairs, wash-stand, and a dimity-clad cot at each side. Kitchen and dining-room are invisible, and you are forced to the conclusion that the occupants take their meals at the boarding-houses. Cottages in every variety of style — Chinese pagoda, Greek villa, modern Elizabethan — succeed as you pass along, and quite likely you will find, fronting the park, a fine country seat, with all city conveniences, there being several of these on the island. The cottagers are seated in front of their dwellings, recline on couches, or swing in hammocks, under the oaks. Here, as at other summer resorts, a dearth of gentlemen is apparent, the fair sex greatly predominating. It is a mild form of dissipation that obtains here. Lectures, sacred concerts, and camp-meetings are the chief. There are billiard saloons, bowling alleys, bicycle clubs, and a great roller-skating rink, but no liquor shops or gambling dens. Fish-

ing, sailing, driving, bathing, and tea-drinking are popular.

The social and religious features of Cottage City have been often dwelt on: a sketch of its marvelous development will perhaps have more of the merit of novelty. The city is divided into three principal sections — Wesleyan Grove, Oak Bluffs, and Vineyard Highlands — which began as little centers of population and spread until they now form a corporate whole. Wesleyan Grove, the oldest, had its inception at a Methodist camp-meeting held on its site in 1835. At this meeting there were a rude shed for the preacher's stand, rough planks for seats, and only nine tents, furnished with straw, for lodgings and shelter. Thomas C. Pierce, father of the late editor of *Zion's Herald*, presided, and there were about a thousand persons present. Since that time, with the single exception of 1845, an annual "camp" has been held here. In 1841, twenty tents were reported. In 1844 three thousand persons were present. In 1850, a lease of the Grove, running till 1861, was secured, at an annual rental of thirty dollars. In 1853 there were four thousand persons present. In 1855 two hundred tents were pitched in the grove, and two steamboats made daily trips from New Bedford. Sunday, 1858, was a red-letter day. Twelve thousand persons were present, including Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, ex-Governor Harris, of Rhode Island, several members of Congress,

and more than one hundred ministers of various denominations. In 1859 the grove began its metamorphosis from a camp to a permanent city. This year Perez Mason, a wealthy layman, of Providence, erected a cottage in the grove and spent the summer there with his family. Other laymen built other cottages, following his example, and from this humble beginning Cottage City has sprung. The annual camp-meeting is still held in a grove of venerable oaks, a few minutes' walk from the Oak Bluffs wharf, generally during the latter part of August.

CHAPTER XXIV

NORTHAMPTON

NORTHAMPTON — Jenny Lind's paradise, the only corollary Fanny Kemble could find to her beloved Lenox — is spread all over one of the foot-hills of the Connecticut valley: it is an anomaly among country towns. Its main street is not a street at all, but a park, a plaza, a common, reaching from the river bottom to the summit of the hill. Its buildings have none of that air of having been hastily thrown together which characterizes those of modern towns. Each house has its lawn in front, its trim box-wood walks and shrubbery; one sees scarcely an untidy, ill-kept place in the town. The wide valley of the Connecticut is above and below; in front, across the river, rises the hoary head of Mount Holyoke, and opposite him, overtopping us, is Mount Tom, not quite so high, but fully as rugged. A good carriage road ascends Mount Holyoke to within 600 feet of the summit, whence a railway completes the ascent. Arrived at the summit one finds a comfortable summer hotel and a noble view. The Connecticut crawls lazily through its meadows for miles beneath. You can see the smoke of Springfield's furnaces seven-

teen miles to the southward; half a score of villages, some alive with looms and spindles, some drowsily nodding under century-old elms, are within the range of vision.

There is Holyoke, with its great paper-mills, and Easthampton, in the shadow of Mount Tom, with its famous boys' school and its shaded main street, which I once heard a party of tourists comparing with that of Easthampton, L. I. Manufactories are crowding in there now to disturb its quiet, scholarly air. Here in Hadley, which lies just across the Connecticut from Northampton, Dr. Holland laid the scene of "Kathrina," and there is still left material for many a poem and romance. The glory of old Hadley is its elms. Wide-spreading and ancient, they enclose an oval-shaped common nearly a mile long, of quiet, solitary beauty. All the grown-up sons and daughters are away in the cities. The narrow avenue formed by the double row of elms on the west side of the park seemed to us beautiful enough to often allure them back to the town of their birth. In South Hadley is a famous female seminary, whose graduates have had a notable habit of becoming missionaries' wives. Amherst, with her spires and college buildings, peeps out among the hills but eight miles away. If we turn our eyes westward, they rest on the noble Berkshire Hills, and further north on the Hoosac range, walling in the valleys of the Housatonic, the Deerfield and the Hoosac.

Amid all these villages Northampton is preeminent. The artist or author finds here an exceedingly congenial atmosphere. Here is no hurry, no rush for wealth or place. Almost every householder is buttressed with a substantial bank account, and at leisure to devote himself to art, to local history, to gossip, or to any occupation to which his tastes incline. An air reflective, historical, pervades the town. Much attention is paid to genealogy and antiquities. Visit any of these fine old houses, and you find family legends and relics carefully treasured. The visitor is not long here before he learns that Jonathan Edwards made his first essays at preaching in the town, and he is taken down King Street to see the site of the home he inhabited for twenty-three years, with its hoary elm in front, in the fork of which the divine wrote some of his wonderful sermons; then you are led back to the main street and up the hill to look on the Edwards Church, a somewhat imposing edifice that now occupies the site of the plain meeting-house in which he delivered them. Edwards left his tutorship in Yale College in the winter of 1726 to become the colleague of his maternal grandfather, the Rev. Solomon Stoddard, who had become too infirm to perform alone the duties of his office. I heard some pleasant gossip of this family — the Stoddards — which will bear repeating.

“The Rev. Solomon Stoddard, Edwards’s grandfather,” said my informant, “was the fourth pastor

of Northampton. His wife, Mrs. Esther Stoddard, when he married her, was the widow of the Rev. Eleazer Mather, his predecessor in the sacred office. They reared a somewhat remarkable family of girls. The oldest, Mary, married the Rev. Stephen Mix, the promising pastor of a neighboring charge. Their courtship was a novel one, even for that day. He proposed for her to her father, and suggested that she should take due time for consideration. She did so, and after several weeks wrote the following laconic note:

“November, 1695.

“REV. STEPHEN MIX:

“Yes.

MARY STODDARD.’

“The second daughter, Esther, who had been well educated at Boston, married the Rev. Timothy Edwards, of East Windsor, Conn., with whom she lived happily for sixty-three years. Of their eleven children, all but one were girls, and that one boy became the celebrated divine, Jonathan Edwards. I once saw a letter written by Mrs. Stoddard, his grandmother, to his mother at the time of his birth, which interested me so much that I copied it. Here it is:

“DEAR DAUGHTER: God be thanked for yr safe delivery and raising you up to health again. We are under mixt dispensations; We have a great deal of

mercy, and we have smart afflictions. Eliakim is not, and Eunice is not, and it hath pleased God to take away your dear brother Israel also, who was taken by the French and carried to a place called Brest in France, and being ready to be transported to England died there.

“‘P.S. I would have sent you half a thousand of pins and a porringer of marmalade if I had an opportunity.’

“Four other daughters married clergymen, but there was nothing in their courtships or wedded lives so marked as to attract the notice of the gossips. Northampton, by the way, has been very generous to ministers in pursuit of helpmates. A local annalist has discovered that between 1673 and 1879, eighty-four Northampton ladies married clergymen.

“During Edwards’s pastorate a very affecting incident occurred in the death, at the parsonage on King Street, of David Brainerd, the devoted young missionary to the Indians. The young man was the friend and protégé of the great metaphysician, as well as the accepted lover of his daughter Jerusha, and as he was friendless, nothing was more natural than that he should be taken in his last illness into the family of his friend. In the breast of Jerusha Edwards he had inspired a passionate attachment. From the 25th of July, 1747, till his death, on the 9th of October, she watched over

him with the most tender assiduity, and survived him but four months, literally dying, the gossips aver, of a broken heart."

An incident, related as occurring at the close of the Revolution, sounds like a travesty on some modern events. The treaty of peace with Great Britain in 1781 was celebrated in Northampton after the simple custom of the day, by a sermon from the Rev. Mr. Spring, and by a festive gathering in the evening, at which, we are told, "much decent mirth and hilarity prevailed, but from which the ladies were rigidly excluded." What curtain lectures the luckless members of the party were treated to that night is not on record, but the ladies were far too excited and indignant to allow the matter to pass over with only private reprobation. They held a tea-drinking next day, and after drinking loyally to the health of Madam Washington and to Congress, they introduced a series of toasts of which these are examples: "Reformation to our Husbands," "May Gentlemen and Ladies ever Unite on Joyful Occasions," "Happiness and Prosperity to our Families," "May Reformed Husbands ever find Obedient Wives." In fact, the aggrieved ladies carried things with such high hand that their meeting became the talk of a wide circle of towns, and led one of the poets of the day to satirize it in some highly impertinent verses.

The old cemetery at Northampton well repays a visit.

It is a pretty place at the end of the main street, near the river, shaded by a few native pines, most of its tombstones bearing the quaint form and pious inscriptions of a long-buried generation. Two of the most interesting plots are on the west side. A granite monument, in one recently erected, bears this inscription:

“President Jonathan Edwards,
Born Oct. 5, 1703,
Died March 22, 1758.

“Sarah Pierrepont, his wife,
Born Jan. 9, 1709,
Died Oct. 2, 1758.”

A similar stone stands in the adjoining lot, and bears this inscription:

“Timothy Dwight,
Born May 27, 1726,
Died May 10, 1777.

“Mary Edwards, wife of
Timothy Dwight, born
April 4th, 1734, died
Feb. 28, 1807.”

Turning to the more modern aspects of the town, we observe in the public libraries and in Smith College interesting exponents of the culture of which we have

spoken. The library, comprising some 18,000 well-chosen volumes, is comfortably housed in the elegant Memorial Hall, erected by the town in 1869-70, at a cost of \$25,000, in memory of its soldiers slain in the civil war. In the vestibule of this Hall are marble tablets bearing the names of those who fell in the war, and above is the main library-room, with a capacity of 100,000 volumes, with reception and reference rooms on either hand. The shelves would have been filled ere this but for the fact that the library fund of \$40,000 was stolen in the famous robbery of the Northampton National Bank in 1876, and has never been recovered.

CHAPTER XXV

HISTORIC DEERFIELD

DEERFIELD in its early days had the misfortune of being sixteen miles nearer Canada than Northampton and the other border settlements along the Connecticut; it was also situated at the mouth of a deep valley which was the great highway of the French and Indians in their incursions into New England; hence nearly all the watching and warding, the forays, massacres, burnings, and taking into captivity of those bloody colonial days occurred here. The valley to-day is the picture of peace and plenty. The Deerfield, after brawling for its entire course over a rocky bed between frowning mountain walls, here opens into a smiling valley at least three miles wide and six or eight in length, near the mouth of which is planted a village as pretty and interesting as the traveler can easily find. It contains perhaps fifty dwellings of all sorts, ranged on both sides of a wide elm-shaded street. The villagers are chiefly descendants of the early settlers, become well-to-do, in the course of years, from the increase of their fields.

That the town should remain so pastoral and simple

is surprising, for the valley is one of the great highways of travel. Yet the old place remains as the fathers left it, a repository for the memories of the past; indeed, retrospection is one of its chief features.

This spirit led the people of the valley some years ago to organize a Memorial Association, and in due time to procure a Memorial Hall and store it with an exceptionally complete and valuable collection of relics of the colonial and Revolutionary era. The hall is a large brick structure, standing well out of the village, near the railway station. Originally it served as the Deerfield Academy, and was a famous school in its day. But in 1877-8 the Academy Corporation secured a new and more elegant building in the village, and the old academy was wisely deeded to the Memorial Association for museum purposes. The work of removing the relics and heirlooms of the past from the valley homes where they had been carefully treasured was at once begun, and has since occupied the attention of the Association. This collection is certainly the most complete and interesting that has come under the writer's notice. It is readily resolved into three classes: mementoes of the Valley Indians, colonial and Revolutionary relics. On the stout, oaken door is a placard informing the visitor that on Mondays and alternate days through the week an admission fee of twenty-five cents is charged, other days being free. We mention the fact, that the intending visitor may choose

a "pay day" for his visit, for the Association needs the admission fee and merits it.

We register in the visitors' book in the hall and step into a large room on the right, devoted chiefly to the Indian remains. In the center of the room a huge oaken door, nail-studded, with sill and lintel, and heavy uprights complete, attracts the attention, and inspecting it closely one perceives that it is the outer door of an old colonial house, and discovers deep cuts in its upper surface, and in one place a large, ragged hole, evidently made by axe or tomahawk. This door belonged to the old "Indian house" erected by Ensign (afterward Captain) John Sheldon, who settled in Deerfield in 1684, and through this aperture one morning the Captain's wife was shot and killed as she was rising from bed. On the other side, suspended by a small wire, we may find the round, battered ball that killed her. This door rightly viewed is rather a startling piece of furniture. It carries us back nearly two hundred years to that morning of February 29, 1704, when a band of French and Indians sprang out of the forest upon the little village. That was in the time of the bloody French and Indian wars. The village was surrounded by a stockade, with block-houses at intervals in which sentinels were posted on the lookout for an enemy. On the evening of the 28th that enemy, 340 strong, after a march of over two hundred miles from Canada through deep snows, slipped into hiding in a pine

forest about two miles north of the village. Soon after midnight, finding the crust hard enough to bear them, they began their descent on the village, advancing a few yards, then stopping, that the sentinels might mistake the noise of their approach for a wandering wind or the sighing of trees. On the southeast corner of the stockade the snow had banked as high as the top of the palisades, and over this the enemy rushed and were hurrying through the village, torch in hand, ere the sentinels could give the alarm. In most cases those who surrendered were taken captive, those who resisted or attempted escape were killed. Among the first houses attacked was this old house of Ensign Sheldon, the strongest in the village, but the barred oaken door resisted their attempts to force it. The Rev. John Williams, the village pastor, was awakened by the Indians bursting in the door of his house. He and his wife were seized; two of his children, with a negro servant, were killed before their eyes, and they, with the remaining five children, were added to the group of prisoners — one hundred and twelve in all — which the various detachments collected. When all were gathered the whole company moved off over the snowy meadows, leaving the village in flames, and forty-seven of its people dead in the streets. On the morning of the second day's march, the band being only six or seven miles north of Deerfield, Mrs. Williams, weak from maternal pains, became ex-

hausted, and was slain at the foot of a little hill on Green River.

The summer the Memorial Association held its eighth field meeting on this spot it erected a granite monument to mark the scene of the tragedy. You may be interested by the inscription, which reads as follows:

“The cruel and Bloodthirsty savage who took her, slew her with his hatchet at one stroke.”

“The Rev. John Williams, ‘the Redeemed Captive,’ so wrote of his wife, Mrs. Eunice Williams, who was killed at this place March 1, 1704.

“Erected by the Pocumtuck Valley Memorial Association.”

CHAPTER XXVI

PITTSFIELD, A HOME OF POETS, 1885

PITTSFIELD, in the valley of the Housatonic, chiefly interested us from its intimate connection with two of the most honored names in American literature — the poets Longfellow and Holmes. East Street, a fine old thoroughfare leading north from the public square, contains the old Appleton mansion, the girlhood home of Henry W. Longfellow's wife, the abode of the poet for several summers, and the abiding place of the famous "old clock on the stairs," which suggested one of his best-known poems.

The place long since went out of the family, but has been little changed; the "antique portico" of the poet's day has given place to a modest little porch, and the two Balm of Gilead trees that once shaded it have been cut down, but the poplars and elms and the broad lawn are still there. Within, a monkish old clock still stands on the landing "half-way up the stairs," although truth compels one to state that it is not the poet's monitor, that having followed the family fortunes to Boston: but one may see in the parlor the figured wall paper purchased by a member of the

family in Paris during the war of 1812, and, in the absence of paper-hangers, put on by the ladies of the household. One does not realize until he learns the traditions of the old house how literal is the poem with which it is identified. The house is said to have been built by Thomas Gold, an ancestor of the poet's wife and a descendant of the Golds of Fairfield — a famous family in Connecticut annals. He came to Pittsfield while a young man to engage in the practice of the law. Of great natural ability and pleasing address, he soon became the leading man of the village, in church and state as well as in his profession. While his fortunes were at the flood he built this mansion, and soon after brought from a neighboring town a beautiful and accomplished woman to be its mistress. In that time the house was noted for its "free-hearted hospitality" —

"Its great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at its board."

It became a rallying point for the worth and wit and beauty of western Massachusetts. When he was in middle life trouble came to the master of the mansion: it was whispered in the village that too profuse hospitality had impaired his fortune. The world looked coldly on its former favorite, bandied reflections on his good name, and one morning was startled to hear that he had been found dead in his bed. A daughter had married a wealthy Boston merchant, and

when her daughter grew to beautiful womanhood she became the wife of Longfellow while yet his laurels were all unwon. This is the village story of the old mansion. The house was a favorite haunt of both the poet and his wife, and while it remained in the family most of their summers were spent here. One sees how naturally the poem connected with it assumed form in the poet's summer-day musings. The village street, the ancient country seat, the tall and ghostly poplars, the wizard old clock, its recording hands, the feasts, the births, the dreaming youths and maids, the bridals, the funerals — every picture conjured up by the poet's rhymes once existed here. It is not always one can trace so minutely the growth of a fine poem in the master's mind.

Doctor Holmes became identified with Pittsfield through his mother's family, the Wendells. Quite early, it is said, Jacob Wendell, of Boston, purchased of the Indians nearly the entire tract on which Pittsfield now stands, and built a dwelling on the purchase, which remained in the family name until within a few years past. The Autocrat, thus introduced to Pittsfield through his family connections at an early age, some time after his marriage built a pleasant country house on a little elevation some two miles east of the town that had once formed a part of his ancestor's estate. Here he spent the summers of seven years, writing, it is said, a large part of the 'Autocrat of the

Breakfast Table' and several of his best-known poems, and leaving it at last of necessity and with regret. In proof of Doctor Holmes's regard for Pittsfield, we were shown the following characteristic passage from a letter written to a friend in this city: "I can never pay my debt to Pittsfield for giving my children their mother, and myself seven blessed seasons, and seventy times seven granaries full of hoarded reminiscences."

From the old Appleton place, in town, we walked out one morning to the poet's former home. Down East Street, and then a sudden turn to the right, and we came soon to the outskirts of the city and to the Housatonic, or rather one of its branches, brimful, and here degraded to the duty of turning the mill-wheel of a tannery. Pushing on through green fields, at a blacksmith shop we made another sharp turn to the right, and a mile further on crossed the main body of the Housatonic. From this point a five minutes' walk brings one to the gate giving access to the grounds, which are quite extensive. The house has little to distinguish it, but is beautifully situated on a little eminence commanding a view of the meadows and river to the city, and of the all-encircling mountains.

The property is now owned by a gentleman of New York, who has slightly remodeled the interior. We were kindly shown the library in which the poet wrote, but nothing further remains to remind one of his occupancy.

CHAPTER XXVII

WILLIAMSTOWN THE BEAUTIFUL, 1885

UNDER the maples that shade Williamstown Street, one looks out on wide, green meadows hemmed in by a circle of frowning mountains save where the Hoosac has broken through the barrier to continue its course to the Hudson. The little valley is hopelessly entangled in these bold peaks, broken spurs of the Green Mountains, rising abruptly without order or system. Nothing is plainer to the loiterer under the maples than that nature meant an eternal seclusion here; but man's great end is to circumvent nature, and up the valley, five miles away, he has cut a tunnel through the most formidable hill and made the valley one of the nation's highways.

Yet, spite of the innovation, we fail to see that the old town has lost any of its rural beauty or tranquillity. West College and East College, though surrounded by smarter and more esthetic structures, are as firmly seated, as piquant and interesting as ever. There is a novelty and beauty in this park-like main street of Williamstown which you will find nowhere else. And there is that in the origin and history of Williams Col-

lege which is not embodied in the history of any of our institutions of learning. Musing under the shades and wandering through the old halls instinct with young life and high hopes and endeavors, Ephraim Williams's foresight and self-sacrifice appear in their fullest scope and significance. Too many men devote themselves to the fighting of battles and the material development of the country; too few found universities and endow scholarships. This man, in a rude age, suggesting and founding an institution so beneficent and so successful, seems the ideal hero of his time.

The annalists have preserved the history of the College so perfectly that one may pass leisurely down the years, and without effort observe the salient features and more striking incidents.

It is not until the French and Indian war of 1744 that Captain Ephraim Williams, one of the leading citizens of the Province, coming into the valley to build Fort Massachusetts, the westernmost of a chain of forts which Massachusetts has ordered for the defense of her frontiers, discovers the valley. Charmed with its beauty and fertility, at the close of the war he succeeded in inducing the Legislature to organize in the valley two townships of six miles square, to be called the east and west townships of Hoosac. There was a hamlet of eleven souls in the valley when, in the spring of 1755, war with the French and Indians again broke out, and

Captain, now Colonel, Williams marched away at the head of the Hampshire Regiment to join in Johnson's expedition against Crown Point. On the 8th of September, 1755, Williams fell in battle with Dieskau's forces, near the head of Lake George, and on the administering of his estate a will was found, which, after a few minor bequests, gave the bulk of his property "for the support and maintenance of a free school in the township west of Fort Massachusetts," provided that township remained a part of the Massachusetts Colony, and was erected at a proper time into a town to be called Williamstown. Such was the modest origin of the College and the village.

It was fortunate that the bequest came into the hands of wise and judicious trustees, for it had to be nursed carefully for a generation before it became at all adequate to the purpose designed. At length, in the year 1785, the colonies which Colonel Williams died for having become free and independent States, the trustees, reinforced by a public subscription of \$2,000, and further buttressed by a lottery which yielded £1,037, began the erection of West College, which still remains strong and serviceable, to show how well men builded in those days. In this building the school opened October 20, 1791, with the Rev. Ebenezer Fitch, who had been a tutor at Yale, as principal, and Mr. John Lester as assistant. The school was really a college from the beginning. In its academical department,

the studies usually taught in the colleges of the day were pursued, and in its free school, graduates of the common school were instructed in the higher branches of English. There was no lack of students from the beginning, and in 1793 the trustees were emboldened to procure an act of Legislature incorporating the free school as a college, by the name of Williams College. The same act bestowed \$4,000 for the purchase of a library and other necessary apparatus. Thus gradually and with some effort the College was established on a firm basis, and began its work of beneficence. Some incidents of its early history give us pleasant glimpses of the social customs of the day. There was the Commencement dinner, provided for by one of the earliest acts of the trustees, at which the President, Trustees, and officers of the College, with such other gentlemen as the President might invite, were appointed guests. For many years the annual Commencements continued to be the great days not only of the village, but of the region roundabout.

Almost any sunny day one may see under these shades a venerable form who is recognized as the central figure in the annals of Williams — ex-President Mark Hopkins. It will be fifty years in 1886 since he became President of the College, and although the burden of years caused him in 1872 to resign the Presidency, he still fills the chairs of Christian Theology and of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy, and is a counselor of

weight in all the affairs of the College. Much of what is distinctive and beneficent — and there is much of it — in the atmosphere of Williams to-day is admittedly due to this long administration of President Hopkins.

CHAPTER XXVIII

MONUMENT MOUNTAIN

THE glory of the Stockbridge landscape is Monument Mountain, a mountain so famed in poetry, and so enwreathed in dim tradition and antiquarian lore, that no visitor to the town feels at liberty to depart without making its acquaintance. The best point in the village from which to view it is the level plateau in the rear of the Congregational Church. It is there seen rising above the level meadows of the Housatonic, a bold, defiant, rugged mass of quartz rock, thrown up by some giant upheaval of nature, and left to charm the lovers of the picturesque and excite the speculation of the curious.

The mountain is peculiar in its conformation; nearly all its brothers, and there are many of them in this region of hills and mountains, are round topped, and covered quite to their summits with a large growth of forest trees; but the summit of Monument Mountain is bold and barren of verdure, broken and fissured, and furnished with "incredible pinnacles" that prick into the blue heavens. It is not an easy matter to climb these jagged masses, but when the feat is accomplished

one of the most charming views imaginable rewards the effort. All about us are

“The bare old cliffs,
Huge pillars that in middle heaven upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals; here dark
With moss, the growth of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them.”

Below is the valley of the Housatonic with the beautiful river itself winding through its emerald fields, in appearance like a ribbon of silver unrolled, and which may be traced almost to its source thirty miles away beyond the Lenox hills. Westward is the beautiful Stockbridge plain, nestled at the feet of its guardian mountains and bearing on its bosom the pretty village with its white cottages peeping shyly out from amid its green foliage, and its beautiful villas that occupy commanding positions on its dominating hills. In any direction one may look are farms and farmhouses, and herds of sleek cattle grazing up to their eyes in the lush grass for which these mountain slopes are famous. In view are a score of heavily wooded mountains and as many country villages, their white steeples peering out over the tree tops in places where no one would suspect a village to exist.

The mountain derives its name from a curious pillar on its southern slope, raised by the Indians for some unknown purpose, which was still standing when the

white men first came to this region. There are many traditions extant as to the origin of this pillar. Bryant, who was familiar with the mountain, has voiced the popular tradition in his beautiful poem called "Monument Mountain," a poem so familiar to all that I need give but the briefest possible paraphrase: In early days a beautiful Indian maiden was so unfortunate as to fall in love with her cousin — a love deemed illegal by these stern tribes. She struggled long with her unfortunate passion, but in vain; at length overcome with despair and shame she climbed one day the dizzy height of this mountain precipice accompanied only by a friend, "a playmate of her young and innocent years." On the verge of the precipice the friends sat down and

"Sang all day old songs of love and death,
And decked the poor wan victim's hair with flowers,
And prayed that safe and swift might be her way
To the calm world of sunshine where no grief
Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red."

And then —

"When the sun grew low,
And the hill shadows long, she threw herself
From the steep rock and perished. There was scooped
Upon the mountain's southern slope a grave,
And there they laid her in the very garb
With which the maiden decked herself for death.
And o'er the mould that covered her the tribe
Built up a simple monument — a cone
Of small loose stones. * * * "

But since Bryant wrote the antiquaries have been busy, and they say that the legend is only a beautiful myth after all — a simple impossibility, in fact, since it was not the custom of the River Indians to commemorate either men or events by the erection of memorial piles. As to the real origin or use of the pillar much legendary lore has been gathered, which would be found vastly interesting no doubt, but of which I can only give an epitome.

As early as 1735 one of the early explorers, writing from Indiantown, thus refers to the monument:

“Some say it is raised over the first sachem who died after the Indians came into this region. Each Indian, as he goes by, adds a stone to the pile; but Captain Konkapot (chief of the Housatonicks) tells me it marks the boundary of land agreed on in a treaty with the Mohawks, the Mohawks being entitled to all land within a day’s journey of the pile.”

The Rev. John Sergeant, on the occasion of his first visit to the Stockbridge Indians, in 1734, passed by the monument, and thus refers to it:

“There is a large heap of stones — I suppose ten cartloads — in the way to Waahtukook, which the Indians have thrown together as they passed by the place, for it used to be their custom every time any one passed by to throw a stone at it. But what was the end of it they cannot tell; only they say their fathers used to do so, and they do it because it was the custom of

their fathers. But Ebenezer (the Indian interpreter) says he supposes it is designed to be an expression of their gratitude to the Supreme Being that He had preserved them to see the place again."

Another tradition is to the effect that on one occasion the territory of the Muhhekunnucks was invaded by a powerful enemy from the West; that the Muhhekunnucks laid an ambush for their enemies in this mountain and defeated them there with great slaughter, and that this pile was raised to commemorate the event. But the writer who has treated of the subject most at length was the Rev. Gideon Hawley of Mashpee, Mass., for some time a missionary to the Stockbridge Indians, whose knowledge of Indian rites and customs was not inconsiderable.

In his missionary tours he discovered several of these monuments and thus describes them:

"We came to a resting-place, breathed our horses, and slaked our thirst at a stream, when we perceived our Indian looking for a stone which he cast to a heap that had for ages been accumulated by passengers like him who was our guide. We inquired why he observed this rite. His answer was that his fathers had practised it and enjoined it on him; but he did not like to talk on the subject. I have observed in every part of the country, among every tribe of Indians, and among those where I now am (Mashpee) such heaps of stones or sticks collected on like occasions as above. The

largest heap I ever observed is that large collection of small stones on Monument Mountain, between Stockbridge and Barrington. We have a sacrifice rock, as it is termed, between Sandwich and Plymouth, to which stones and sticks are always cast by Indians who pass it. This custom or rite seems to be an acknowledgment of an invisible being, we may style him the unknown God, whom the people worship. This heap is his altar. The stone that is collected is the oblation of the traveler, which, if offered with a good mind, may be as acceptable as a consecrated animal."

The monument stood on the southern slope of the mountain. It was circular at the base, with a diameter of from eight to ten feet, and as it approached the apex it assumed a conical form. It was thrown down about forty years ago by a band of covetous marauders in the hope of finding a treasure trove secreted beneath it, and now lies a shapeless mass of stone. It is a comfort to know, however, that the freebooters gained nothing by their vandalism. But, although the pile is overthrown, the poetic and legendary associations that cluster about it will always render it an object of interest to intelligent tourists.

CHAPTER XXIX

LENOX IN 1883

LENOX lies in the heart of the Berkshire Hills, two miles and a half from railroad and river, and very far away from any literary or commercial center; yet within a radius of two miles of the village green are between fifty and sixty elegant country seats, each surrounded by a large, well-kept estate. Fair equestrians and glittering equipages are familiar objects on the mountain roads. At the intersection of the two principal streets stands the hostelry of my friend Curtis, substantially built years ago of brick, whose great fires roar up its chimneys through autumn days with hospitable sound. It has entertained in its day Kossuth, Sumner, Channing, McClellan, Fanny Kemble, Charlotte Cushman, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Bret Harte, and, indeed, nearly all the notables of two generations. The town has been called a second Saratoga, the springs and the great hotels excepted — a most inapt comparison, since Lenox is almost wholly devoted to the cottager, and its society is exclusive to a degree. It is rather a continuation of Newport. The season usually opens about the 15th of August, and closes by the middle

of October, it being the fashion to flit with the leaves. Many of the visitors own cottages at Newport, which, as summer wanes, they close to finish the season at Lenox.

We one day inquired of Mr. Curtis, an unquestioned authority on all matters pertaining to Lenox, as to the special attractions which have drawn the wealthy and distinguished in such numbers to the village, but he evaded a reply by inviting us out to drive, wisely assuming that that would be the only method of imparting to a visitor the charm of natural beauty and literary association which has made Lenox the fascinating spot it is. We drove southeast along the crest of the long undulation dominated by encircling ranges on which the town is built. On a side street, almost hidden by a copse of pines, he pointed out a pretty cottage. "In the 'L' of that cottage, built especially for her," he remarked, "behind that green blind, Catherine Sedgwick wrote most of her later tales." Then, in the hollow at the foot of the hill, he pointed out the localities of the former homes of two other famous women, Fanny Kemble and Charlotte Cushman. "These three ladies spent many years in Lenox when it was entirely unknown to fame," he continued; "and their enthusiastic descriptions of it, with both tongue and pen, first made its beauties known. Miss Kemble, in particular, was fascinated by it. I was a lad of twenty when she first began spending her summers here, and was often em-

ployed to drive her in her excursions about the country. What beauty, what genius, what a presence she had. I don't suppose there's a mountain peak or a lake in this region that I haven't piloted her to. Sometimes she went alone, but oftener Miss Sedgwick or Miss Cushman or the young ladies of Mrs. Sedgwick's school made up the party. She then appeared at her best. To hear her recite Shakespeare on Greylock, or Bryant on Monument Mountain, in the midst of her friends, was to gain a new idea of her powers."

At this moment we turned into a drive that led through spacious grounds to the front of a well-kept country seat. "This," said Mr. Curtis, "is the Haggerty place, leased the past summer by Robert C. Winthrop, Jr. Col. Robert G. Shaw, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts Colored Volunteers, married a daughter of the owner and brought his bride here for the honeymoon, leaving her here after a few weeks, to march to his death in the assault on Fort Wagner, where, as you will remember, he was buried by the enemy under the bodies of his men. Mrs. Shaw, after her husband's death, resided here many years, and here entertained one summer Christine Nilsson, of whom I shall have something to say when we reach Echo Lake. Perhaps you would like to see the house where most of the 'Star Papers' were written. Here it is, this plain little cottage under the hill. When Mr. Beecher owned it, however, it stood *on* the hill instead of under it, on the

site occupied by the fine villa yonder. Mr. Beecher spent several summers in Lenox, and, like Miss Kemble, was fairly fascinated by it; so much so that his congregation began to fear they would lose him entirely, and finally prevailed on him to allow his place here to be sold, purchasing for him instead his present farm at Peekskill. The farm is now owned by General Rathbone, of Albany."

From this point we drove down to and partly around Laurel Lake, a lovely sheet of water, a favorite haunt of Miss Kemble, which called out many interesting reminiscences of her from my companion. Returning villageward by another road, we passed the cottages of Dr. William H. Draper, of New York, and of Professor Rachemann, who married a niece of Miss Sedgwick, and drove by a private road through spacious grounds to one of the old-time mansions of Lenox, formerly owned by Judge Walker, a gentleman as much honored in Lenox as the Sedgwicks were in Stockbridge. "His son, Judge William, had a beautiful daughter, Sarah, who became the first wife of Senator David Davis. It came about in this way: at the time Senator Yancey and Josh Billings were wild boys at Lenox Academy, Mr. Davis was studying law in the village with old Judge Bishop, and being captivated by the lady, wooed and won her before his studies were completed." A short distance above the Walker place, Mr. Lanier, of New York, has chosen the site of a pretty modern villa, one

of the most commanding and beautiful spots in all Berkshire. The hill slopes down to the shores of the famous Stockbridge Bowl. Southward the view is partly closed by the jagged pinnacles of Monument Mountain, and far below that by the blue dome of Mount Everett, the loftiest peak of the Taghanics, while on the north the view ends with the double peaks of Greylock. Near by, on the bluff-like north bank of the Bowl, stands the little red cottage where Hawthorne wrote his "Tanglewood Tales" and "House of Seven Gables." We drove down, making quite a detour to reach it, and saw on a closer inspection a small, one-story cottage, half farmhouse, with green blinds, and a long "L" on the west, adjoining a barn. The author's study was in the southeast room, and commanded a beautiful view of the lake and the mountain vista described on the south. "Many a time," said Mr. Curtis, "I have come down the road yonder and stopped for a chat with Hawthorne. With me he was always cheerful and sociable, though some have called him misanthropic. He always had a sad look in his eyes, and often in conversation would fall into a reverie from which he would rouse himself with an effort. His life here was a very lonely one; he rarely called on any of the neighbors and had few visitors excepting children, of whom he was very fond, and who were drawn to him instinctively. The financial difficulties which clouded so much of his life had not then been removed.

I think he had, too, a feeling that his talents were not fully appreciated."

Echo Lake was the next point of interest included in our drive. The roads of this region are excellent, and the black and bay bore us around the west shores of Stockbridge Bowl with a rush. From the south shore we had our best general view of this justly famed sheet of water. The reader may imagine it as the pit of a great amphitheater whose outer rim is eight or nine miles in diameter, and its walls at first the green foothills, covered with country seats, which constitute Lenox, above them rising the craggy and wooded spurs of the Taghanics, the whole forming a landscape that for striking contrasts and concentration of detail has few equals. A mile south of the Bowl we came to a new road opened only last June for the sole use of pleasure parties, which led us west for nearly half a mile, until at the base of West Stockbridge Mountain we came upon Echo Lake. To my mind it is the prettiest of the twelve or fifteen lakes that lie within easy distance of Lenox. Its shores are delightfully irregular, abounding in sheltered nooks and coves, and are shaded in places by open groves of pine much sought by picnic parties. On the west it is overhung by the black, grim mass of the mountain; its chief feature is a double echo which repeats and repeats all sounds given it with astonishing accuracy and volume. Midway of the east shore is an overhanging boulder canopied by a young

oak, which at the time of our visit hung an oriflamme of color over the lake. It was on this rock that Christine Nilsson sang, while visiting in Lenox, to a select company of friends who had accompanied her to the lake. As described to me the scene must have been one of the most dramatic ever witnessed. Standing on the rock, the great singer threw across the water to the mountain the choicest notes in her *répertoire*, and these were caught by its subtle spirits and thrown back in double measure and with perfect accuracy. By and by, as the singer's ardor grew, the notes were echoed and reechoed with equal spirit, until it seemed that scores of celestial choirs must be hidden somewhere among the recesses of the crags.

Echo Lake was the limit of our drive. As we drove back into the village street, Mr. Curtis inquired if my question had been satisfactorily answered, and I admitted that the answer was all-sufficient.

CHAPTER XXX

THE HOOSAC TUNNEL

NORTH ADAMS is so hidden among hills, that coming down the Hoosac Valley from Pittsfield or up from Albany one glides into the city almost without premonition. At its doors the north and east branches of the Hoosac River unite to form the main stream. The east branch has a green, open, fairly wide valley, with the towering mass of Greylock on the west, and is followed by the North Adams branch of the Boston and Albany Railroad in approaching from Pittsfield. The north branch, however, has no valley, only a gorge, and breaks through the rugged mountain barrier, just by the town, in a series of pretty cascades. A few yards below, it forms a pocket in the hills in which, and up the valley, and on the sides of the hills, the town is picturesquely built. Wherever there are cascades there is water-power, and wherever the Yankee and falling water meet, there in due course rise the mill, and workshop, and thriving community. This fact explains why North Adams is, with her great factories of boots and shoes, cotton and woollen fabrics, and minor industries.

The city is of more interest, however, to the tourist as being the point where the great tunnel can be most advantageously viewed. Directly above the town, on the east, rises the main spur of the Hoosac range, a black mass of slate 2,000 feet high. Cut directly through its base five miles, and you emerge in the Valley of the Deerfield, and may proceed across the Connecticut and over plateaus of light grade to Boston 136 miles distant. On the west there opens another natural highway, down the valley of the Hoosac to the Hudson, and thence up the Mohawk westward. But planted squarely in this natural highway, between Boston and the prairie grain-fields, is the huge mountain described, a forbidding obstacle. There are really two mountains or detached peaks, one, the loftiest, on the Hoosac side, and the other a very respectable mountain warding the Deerfield Valley; between the two is a wide plateau seamed by water-courses and dotted by mountain farms. As early as 1825 the State engineers had surveyed this route at the instance of Boston business men, the project being then a canal to the Hudson River to connect with the Erie. "The hand of Providence has pointed out this route from the East to the West," remarked the pioneer engineer, Loammi Baldwin, to which a practical associate is said to have replied by pointing to the mountain. Baldwin had, however, already decided that it must be tunneled. A year later the introduction of railroads caused the

canal project to be dropped, and when, in 1842, the Boston and Albany Railroad, twenty miles to the southward, was opened, the route as a highway was abandoned. But the Boston and Albany Road was constructed on heavy grades with short curves, and could not put Western grain on Boston wharves at a rate satisfactory to Boston shippers, and in 1848 the proposal for a direct route again began to be strongly agitated. The project assumed shape in 1850, when the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company obtained a charter to construct a road from Greenfield on the Connecticut River up the Deerfield, and through the Hoosac Mountains to the Vermont line, some seven miles west of North Adams. On January 7, 1851, the Board of Directors agreed to break ground for the tunnel the next day, and this vote, it is said, was carried into effect, a small excavation to the eastward of North Adams being still pointed out as the scene of the initial step. The authentic record, however, places the event a year later, in 1852, and the location at the east end of the tunnel. Twenty-one years elapsed before the huge work was completed.

It is not necessary to give in detail the operations of those years, the trials and mishaps, the failure of one contractor after another, and finally the assumption of the enterprise by the State, and its successful completion by the contractors, Messrs. Walter and Francis Shanley, in November, 1873. These were

given formally in the newspapers at the opening of the tunnel. An account of the appearance of the great work and of the tourist's personal observations made in 1885 may not be uninteresting.

A mile east of North Adams station, in a deep rock-cut, one approaches the gloomy western portal. A few yards from the entrance is a tall signal station with men in it watching the little indicator, which tells when a train enters or leaves the tunnel. The block system is in use here. Nothing is allowed to enter while a passenger train is within on the same track, and freight trains may follow one another only under a caution signal. A strong granite arch forms the opening, bearing on its face the simple legend "Hoosac, 1874." Looking in we see in the darkness bright lights dancing and sparkling, and are told by the watchmen that they are the torches of a gang of workmen repairing the brick arch a quarter of a mile in; so we enter, making the dancing points of fire our goal. It is dark, damp, gloomy; sulphurous — one compares it with the descent into Hades, only the flight of the spirits was vastly easier than is our progress, for the space between the ties is filled with "ballast," small pieces of broken stone, and the wayfarer finds them indeed "stones of stumbling." At the other end, five miles distant, a freight train has just entered, and the ear is strained to catch its approaching roar. A bat's wing brushes the face in a ghostly way; water drips

and splashes from the roof; strange echoes and sulphurous smells fill the space. As you go on you calculate in a dreamy fashion how many thousand tons of earth and rock may be above you by this time; meanwhile the lights draw steadily nearer and nearer, until at last they are beside you. What a strange, Plutonian scene. A score of men, black and grimy, are lighted by flaming kerosene torches, the black smoke from which give a truly Avernian turn to the atmosphere. Looking around by the dim light, we found that the workmen had "bunched" several construction and observation cars on the track, had taken down a fifty-foot section of the brick arch, propping the roof with iron supports, and were now from the cars relaying the arch.

The section boss was intelligent and gentleman-like, notwithstanding his coating of mud and soot; thoroughly familiar, from fifteen years' service in it, with every nook and cranny of the tunnel. "The frost is the great agent in getting the tunnel out of sorts," he remarked. "Here at the west end for some 2,500 feet the mass above us is loose earth and 'porridge-stone,' and to keep it from caving in while working we had to roof it with a brick arch, averaging seven courses in thickness. Water forces itself through the brick in quantity, and in winter freezes, forcing them out of place. Then the arch has to be taken down and replaced, as we are doing now. Water percolating

through, too, has a tendency to disintegrate the mass, and undoubtedly does that. The tunnel, as you will perceive, is a vast conduit, a score of artesian wells in one. Very often in digging it we opened veins that threatened to flood us. Its outflow through a central drain beneath us is 725 gallons of water per minute."

"How many feet of earth may there be above us?" we ask, peering up at the slender-looking props under the roof. "About 700; loose earth and stone too, the most treacherous material the miner has to deal with," is the assuring answer. "Getting through it was one of the main problems in digging the tunnel. Several times it caved in, burying the workmen, before we struck the solid rock which forms the core of the mountain."

At this juncture a hollow roar and rumble, prolonged by a thousand echoes, fills the cavern. A fiery eye comes in sight, bearing down upon us, and with a hammering and grinding of wheels and a flurry of smoke wreaths about our heads, the heavy "freight" rolls by on the other track.

A rather more interesting trip was that up the mountain to the central shaft of the tunnel, some five miles from the city. It is ten miles over the mountain from North Adams to the little village of Hoosac, in the Greenfield Valley, and before the tunnel was completed a stage made the trip daily. A good broad highway doubles and twists up the mountain, afford-

ing wonderful views of the valley and lower hills as one ascends. On the summit, nearly two thousand feet up, one passes over a bare, bald rock — a feature of most of these peaks — and then the road descends gently into the secondary valley of which we have spoken. The lowest part of this valley is 800 feet above the tunnel. "Take your second right and foller it 'bout two miles," were the directions a bronzed young man on a load of wood gave us for reaching the central shaft. We took the "second right," and presently emerging from the forest came to a great pile of black broken rock heaped around a wall of masonry eight or nine feet high — the central shaft. Light clouds of smoke and steam were ascending from it, for it is the great ventilator of the tunnel. To toss a stone over the balustrade, one might suppose would be to throw it directly into the tunnel. Not so, however, for away down at the bottom the falling stone would strike walls of solid masonry twenty feet thick, and if it could penetrate that, there would still remain a brick arch four feet thick between it and the tunnel orifice. This central shaft is one of the finest examples of engineering skill in the country. It was sunk in 1863 to expedite the work by giving the men two additional headings to work from, and also to afford ventilation. The problem before the engineer was not only to sink the shaft to the proper level, but also in alignment with the east and west headings in the valleys. The prob-

lem was given to Mr. Carl O. Wederkinch, an engineer of Danish birth, and his calculations were so nicely made that on the meeting of the different headings in December, 1872, it was found that the alignments were in error but seven sixteenths of an inch. The tunnel has been the scene of many a tragedy. One hundred and ninety-two men in all were killed in constructing it. The most fatal accident of all occurred in October, 1867, at this central shaft. A tank of gasoline near the mouth of the shaft, in some unexplained way, took fire while the men were at their work beneath. The flames at once leaped to the shaft, seizing on everything combustible, and, in a few moments, the burning timbers, with tons of steel drills and shaft machinery, were precipitated to the bottom, killing thirteen unfortunates who were at work there.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE CAPE COD CANAL A QUARTER-CENTURY AGO

AS one rumbles over the wide salt marshes on the Cape Cod branch of the Old Colony Railway, a mile this side of the village of Sandwich, he sees on the north, eating into the marsh, a huge machine, of which two twin smoke-stacks and a network of upright timbers are the salient features. A channel behind it leads straight out into Barnstable Bay, and one jumps to the right conclusion that the mammoth is the dredge of the Cape Cod Ship Canal, and that the channel behind is the famous ditch itself. Having taken great interest in the canal enterprise, being too a little curious as to the status of the present company, the writer stopped at Sandwich, where he had been told the headquarters of the company were situated, with the hope of learning something of the history, and condition, and prospects of success of the enterprise.

The history of the project, it is curious to note, goes back to the days of the Pilgrim Fathers, for they early made use of Sandwich Harbor Inlet and Monument River and the "carry" between in their voyages along shore, thus saving the dangerous voyage around the

cape; and when Isaac de Rasiers, of New Amsterdam, Governor Minuit's Secretary, went on his famous embassy to Governor Bradford at Plymouth, he made use of this same "cut-off" across Cape Cod. By 1676 the colonists had begun to talk of cutting a canal across Sandwich Neck, as is proven by an entry in the diary of Samuel Sewall, under date of October 26, 1676.

Twenty-one years later, in 1697, the General Court of Massachusetts appointed a committee to inquire into the practicability of opening a canal across the neck, and at the outbreak of the Revolution the project came near being put in execution as a military measure, as appears by the following extract from a letter written by General Washington to the Hon. James Bowdoin, of Boston, dated at New York, June 10, 1776:

"I am hopeful that you have applied to General Wood, and have received all the assistance Mr. Machin could give, in determining upon the practicability of cutting a canal between Barnstable and Buzzard's Bay ere this, as the great demand we have for engineers in this department (Canada, etc.), has obliged me to order Mr. Machin hither to assist in that branch of business."

In 1825 the General Government had the isthmus surveyed, with the view of cutting a canal, but, although the report of the engineers was favorable, no action

was taken. In 1860 Massachusetts again took the matter in hand, but the breaking out of the war caused the project to be relinquished. Since then so many surveys have been made, without resulting in action, that the project has almost fallen into disrepute, and in fact the only company before the present one that ever began operations failed after a few months, not without suspicion of fraudulent practices.

The present Cape Cod Ship Canal Company was incorporated by special charter under act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, passed June 26, 1883, and amended by acts passed in 1884 and 1887, allowing until June 26, 1891, for completing the work. The company is governed by a Board of Directors, of which the Hon. William A. Clark, of Lynn, is President, and Samuel Fessenden, of Sandwich, is Treasurer. The remaining directors are Edwin Reed, of Boston, William A. French, of Boston, Sidney Dillon, Charles C. Dodge, and Thomas Rutter, of New York. By the terms of its charter the company may locate, construct, maintain, and operate a ship canal, beginning at some convenient point in Buzzard's Bay and running through the town of Sandwich to some convenient point in Barnstable Bay; and may also lay out its canal, not exceeding 1,000 feet in width, "on condition that it shall file the location thereof within four months from the passage of this act with the County Commissioners of Barnstable County defining the course, distances, and

boundaries thereof," and on condition also "that said canal shall be commenced within four months, and be completed within four years from the passage of this act, and if at least \$25,000 be not expended in the actual construction thereof within four months from the passage of this act, this corporation shall thereupon cease to exist." Section 16 gives the company power to establish for its sole benefit a toll upon all vessels or water craft which may use its canal at such rates as the directors may determine. Section 19 provides that the capital stock of the company shall not be less than \$2,000,000, and may be increased to an amount not exceeding \$5,000,000, and that the company may not begin to construct said canal or take any land or property therefor until it shall have deposited \$200,000 with the Treasurer of the commonwealth as security for the performance of its obligations. By Section 20 it was authorized by a vote of the majority of its stockholders to issue coupon or registered bonds to provide means for funding its floating debt, or for the payment of money borrowed for any lawful purpose, and to pledge in security for the payment of such bonds a part or all of its real and personal property and franchise; such bonds might be issued to an amount not exceeding the total amount of the capital stock actually paid in at the time; and before such bonds could be issued the Board of Railroad Commissioners must issue a certificate, a copy of which

should be printed in each bond, that the total amount of bonds previously issued did not exceed the amount of capital stock actually subscribed and paid in. These are the chief provisions of the charter.

The contract with Frederick A. Lockwood, of Boston, made in 1883 and subsequently amended, calls for a ship canal 200 feet in width from high-water mark at Agawam Point, on Buzzard's Bay, through the town of Sandwich to high-water mark on Barnstable Bay, near the mouth of Scusset River. "Nature has provided a route for the canal," said Mr. Thompson, the company's engineer. "From Sandwich Harbor it follows the valley of the Scusset River some four miles to North Sandwich, where it encounters the 'divide' between Barnstable and Buzzard's Bays. In getting through this into the valley of the Monument River, a tributary of Buzzard's Bay, occurs the heaviest cutting on the line — 59½ feet to the bottom of the canal. When you remember that the hills which form the backbone of the cape rise all the way from 60 to 180 feet, you will see that we have a natural valley or depression quite across the cape. There are several ponds, too, that will facilitate dredging. The character of the soil presents no impediment. Borings have been made on every section of the route, and demonstrate that the soil is composed only of loam sand, gravel, and clay. No boulders even were met with, except at Monument, and they were small. It

is estimated that the canal can be constructed through this material for \$7,500,000, and that with the dredges we shall soon have in operation, it can be completed in eighteen months. We use the Lockwood dredge, which, from its great power, and its capacity to raise and automatically deliver at any desired distance along the banks material from the bed of the canal, goes far towards solving the problem of time and money needed to complete the great work. The one now at work cost \$125,000, and is capable of cutting and depositing on the bank 11,000 cubic yards per day of twenty-four hours. It is now actually cutting 7,000 yards daily. Besides this, two more are in course of construction, each with a capacity three times greater than the present one. About one mile of the trunk of the canal, you will remember, has been nearly completed, leaving six miles and a half to be dredged. The contractors are Frederic A. Lockwood, of Boston, and Smith & Ripley, of New York, and the price paid is \$1,000,000 per mile, payment to be made in the securities which the company is legally authorized to issue. The contractor has issued construction debentures for \$3,000,000 which have been endorsed by the officers of the company, and are secured by the deposit with the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, of New York, as trustee, of the charter, franchises, and contracts, which cover all the securities, rights, and property of the Canal Company. These debentures have but two years to

run, so that the contractor must complete at least five miles of the canal by July 15, 1889, to meet these obligations. Of these securities \$1,900,000 have been sold, though no effort has been made to place them on the market — one million by a New York syndicate, the rest by Boston parties.”

“Yours will be the largest canal ever constructed, will it not?”

“In width and depth probably the largest. The North Holland Canal is 125 feet wide at the top, 20½ feet deep, and 31 feet wide at the bottom; the New Amsterdam 191 feet wide at the top, 87 feet at the bottom, and 23 feet deep; the Suez 190 feet wide at the top, 26 feet deep, 72 feet wide at the bottom. The Cape Cod will be 200 feet wide at the top, 75 feet wide at the bottom, and 23 feet deep.”

“Will there be locks?”

“No! That was the great bugbear of the early surveyors. The entire southeastern portion of Massachusetts, as you will see by the map, juts out into the ocean, causing a break in the two adjoining arms of the tidal wave at the south shore of Nantucket, and what is called the west chop in Vineyard Sound. In consequence high water comes three hours and twenty minutes earlier in Buzzard’s Bay than in Barnstable, and low water four hours and eleven minutes sooner. So that, periodically, the water in Barnstable Bay is 5.79 feet higher than that in Buzzard’s Bay, and at

other times 4.66 feet lower. Early surveyors argued that locks would be necessary to stop the flow of the current which this difference of level would create; but the calculations of Mr. Clemens Herschel and other eminent engineers demonstrate that the maximum flow of the current will not exceed four miles per hour, only sufficient to keep the canal free of ice in winter, and causing no hindrance to navigation. General Foster in May, 1870, said: 'There seems to be no question of the practicability of an open passage for a canal at Cape Cod.'

"It is urged in opposition to the canal, I think, that it will be frozen up for a third of the year."

"We do not believe that it will be closed to navigation by ice for a day. Prof. Henry Mitchell determines the freezing-point of Barnstable Bay water to be 29 degrees, while that of Buzzard's Bay is 28.5, and the resultant of the current through the canal being from Barnstable Bay, the tendency will be to carry a current of warm and salt water into Buzzard's Bay, thus preventing the formation of ice in the bay as well as in the canal. The company's experience last winter in excavating for the canal confirmed its belief that ice would interfere very little with the canal navigation."

"And now I should like to ask on what you base your hope of a revenue in return for this great outlay."

"It is estimated that 40,000 vessels round Cape

Cod annually. The Government lookout at Provincetown Light counted in the day time over 21,000 vessels passing his light in the year ending June 30, 1884. As many more probably go in the night, but we will say two-thirds — that will make 35,000 in all. The tonnage of between 3,000 and 4,000 of these taken at the Boston Custom-house averaged 580 tons each. If 60 per cent. of the above number go through the canal, we should have a yearly commerce of over 12,000,000 tons. But there is other traffic that this canal must inevitably attract. The Fall River, Providence, Stonington, and Norwich lines of Sound steamers must extend their lines to Boston, using this short passage, or others will. You see by this map of the coast line from New York to Boston, that the distance from Point Judith to Boston, by way of Buzzard's Bay and the canal, is very little more than by the present railroad route from Fall River and Providence; while over the intricate and dangerous route through Vineyard and Nantucket Sounds and around Cape Cod, there is a positive saving in distance of 76 miles, and as against the ocean route, of 140 miles. Another consideration: the opening of this canal would create practically an inland water route, so that fleets of barges laden with grain, coal, etc., could be made up at New York and towed by tugs to Boston, thus extending practically the Erie and other canals centering at New York to Boston. The actual cost of going around the cape

is estimated at from 25 to 40 cents per ton (of the \$1.05 average freight rate by water), between New York and Boston. If *one half* this should be charged for using the canal, we should have a toll of not less than 10 cents per ton, or, say, \$1,200,000 per year. Traffic from the coal trade alone, we estimate, would support the canal, and yield a fair return on the investment."

Later I visited the dredge, which I found at work in the salt marsh a mile out of town. I may describe it briefly as a huge mass of timbers and machinery sixty feet high, set upon a float, which is moved forward or sideways as the huge buckets eat away the bank. The excavating machinery comprises a series of buckets, each of the capacity of a cubic yard, fixed on an endless chain like the buckets in a grain elevator, the upper end of the frame on which the chain runs being fixed to the top of the structure, while the lower reaches the bottom of the canal. The buckets cut as they descend, and are drawn up full to the summit of the dredge, where they empty automatically into a large pocket. A huge fifteen-inch pipe of iron and steel descends from this pocket, fifty feet to the surface of the canal, and is carried on floats to a point some distance beyond the bank. Three large pipes from powerful force-pumps below empty into this pocket, and the huge jets of water from them dissolve the mud and silt as it falls from the buckets, and carry

it down through the fifteen-inch pipe, and to the marshes beyond.

Having heard what could be said in favor of the canal by those interested, we journeyed further out on the Cape, and questioned on the subject a gentleman of the highest intelligence and probity, and without pecuniary or other interest in the enterprise.

"Do you know," he said, "that if Jim Fisk had lived, foreign steamers would now be sailing through the Cape Cod canal? I haven't the least doubt of it. Fisk became interested in the enterprise some years before his death, and secured a charter from Massachusetts, but died before its conditions could be complied with, and it lapsed. Fisk said he was willing to put \$1,000,000 in the scheme, and he induced Gould and other capitalists among his friends to pledge the remainder. His idea was a through line of steamers to Boston by way of the canal, and he had actually contracted for two at the time of his death, and they are now running as part of the fleet of one of the Sound lines. Other parties took up the project from time to time, but could never secure the necessary funds. The present company, judging from the character of its officers and the work done, is a *bona-fide* and not a speculative concern. Indeed, it is so hedged in by restrictions that it would be difficult for it to be anything else but honest. I think it will complete the canal. It is understood here that it is backed by Eng-

lish as well as by New York capitalists, and it has spent too much money under the charter and had too hard a fight to get it last winter to yield it up, unless it finds that the canal cannot be built and operated. As to locks, General Totten and Professor Baird, who came here to investigate it, told me that the plan was feasible, but that locks would be required. I think there will be some trouble with ice in severe winters, and it is probable that larger breakwaters than the company contemplates would have to be built at the entrance of the canal. I have heard that a breakwater one mile long, to cost \$4,000,000, would be needed."

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